

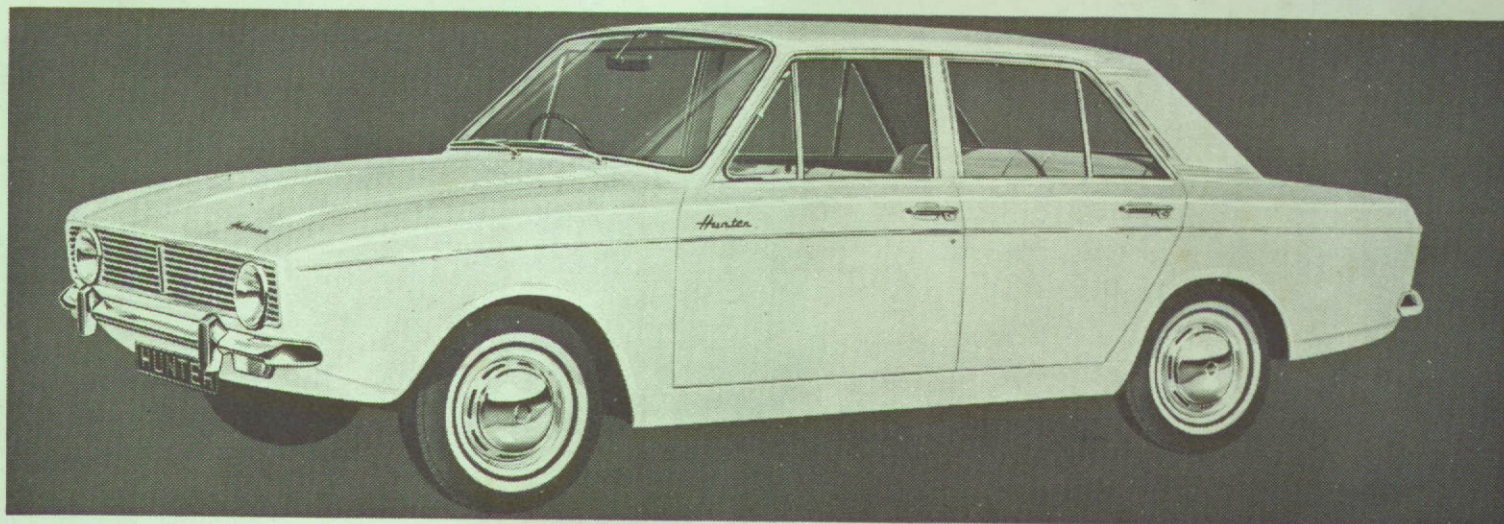
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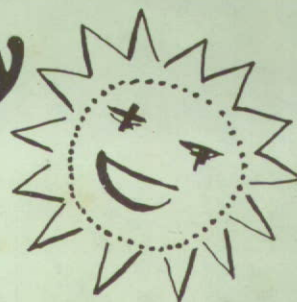
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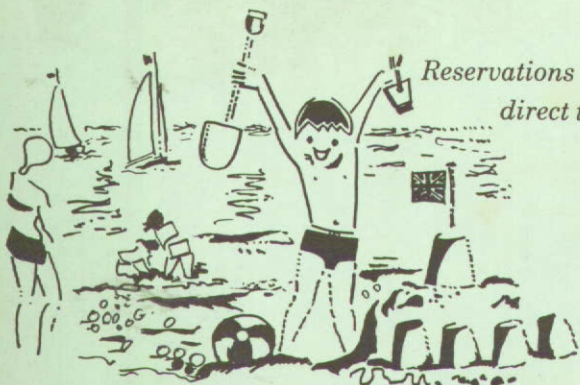
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SOLDIER

JANUARY 1967

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Larry's WAR MUSEUM
first exhibit page 7

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SKYDIVING TO WAR?

Story by JOHN SAAR

THE bulbous-snouted Argosy bustles down the Abingdon runway and zooms upwards like the cost of living. The load is light and will get lighter—when eleven of the passengers stroll out of the tail exit four miles high . . .

The soldiers relaxing in the stripped-out fuselage are members of the Joint Services Free Fall Trials Team briefed for oxygen descents from 20,000 feet on to Salisbury Plain. This is no one-off record attempt. The trialists will continue to serve above the call of duty until the concept of men going to war from the icy, airless hostility of high altitude is proved or disproved.

Just to plummet at 120 miles an hour for 92 seconds is not enough. They carry

rifles, and 70-pound rucksacks and formate into an inseparable combat group as soon as they jump from the aircraft. Their heavy equipment falls with them in wicker panniers fitted with automatically deployed parachutes.

The team was formed almost a year ago when the Joint Warfare Committee called for an investigation into the tactical potential of free-fall parachuting. The detailed data the Committee wanted could be produced only by actually despatching guinea-pig parachutists from aircraft flying at varying heights and speeds by day and by night.

Behind the decision to establish a trials team was an episodic saga of theories countered by hypotheses, appraisals and

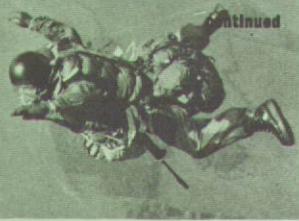
reappraisals. Not that there was anything out of the ordinary in that. In peace-time, Armed Services on watch-dogged budgets expend much earnest and agonising effort in deciding which projects to go ahead with, which to shelve. The Royal Air Force in particular, with barely enough aircraft to carry its enormous existing commitments, is justifiably reluctant to accept any more unless they are workable and important.

Protagonists of tactical free-fall claim that small parties can be landed secretly in almost any terrain. The aircraft can fly high enough to nullify normal anti-aircraft gunfire—the kind of resistance they would usually expect in a limited war of the Indonesian Confrontation variety.

A soldier of the trials team in spreadeagled flight. Falling at 120 miles per hour, he breathes oxygen, carries rifle and equipment.



SKYDIVING



Those assumptions open exciting prospects for *coup de main* attacks, insertion of clandestine agents, patrols or a pathfinder force for a conventional parachute assault.

The trials team has dropped successfully in up to platoon strength. If the men are trained and the aircraft available there is theoretically no limit to numbers on a free-fall operation. This could be of the greatest importance to every static-line paratrooper in 16th Parachute Brigade in the distant future.

The record for the world's first active service free-fall drop was established by United States Army parachutists during the Korean War, but 22nd Special Air Service Regiment has long maintained a keen interest in the development of more flexible parachuting.

Not involved, but interested in the British trials, is the Royal Navy which sees a possible application for the Royal Marines and in air/sea rescue.

The Americans pioneered the rescue field when a plane crashed in nightmare terrain in South America. Mountains would have endangered a plane dropping static line rescuers, so the free-fallers were sent in.

The British Army is jointly sponsoring the current trials with the Royal Air Force and there is a heavy weighting of soldiers on the team—25 out of 29. The Special Air Service contributed five parachutists and the operations officer while The Parachute Regiment took the lion's share with 18 free-fallers and the team commander, 41-year-old Major Mike Heerey.

The chosen 29 included some of the finest performers in the parachuting sport of skydiving. Men with an average of 150 free-fall descents in their logbooks and the experience of skimming dangerous obstacles to land in tiny arenas with the Army

and Royal Air Force display teams made skilled and eager volunteers for "free jumps from 20 grand."

Eight complete beginners were selected to explore guidelines for the possible future training of parachutists by the Royal Air Force. They went straight to Fort Bragg on the United States Army's aptly named HALO course—High Altitude, Low Opening. In three weeks and 20 jumps they were up to 20,000 feet and an operational standard.

Meanwhile the rest of the team were also in America hammering out basic principles with the Golden Knights, the US Army's celebrated parachute team. Although superbly represented by competition and demonstration teams, their experience in tactical free-falling is no further advanced than Britain's and they lag behind on certain equipment, and in poor weather jumping. Like the French military free-fallers they have kept close scrutiny on the British team's progress by sending experts to Aldershot.

This jump is the 43rd of the series and, like the first last June, it originated in team headquarters—a block of concrete playing cards in 16th Parachute Brigade's new castle at Aldershot. On the long packing tables the parachutes soon to emerge as graceful green domes were being rammed into their chrysalises.

The tactical assault parachute was designed in haste to team specifications by the British GQ Company, and performs well. Unconventional, similar to the Paracommander, excelsior canopy of sport parachuting, it will hold station against a ten-mile-an-hour wind, steer easily and safely land a load of man and equipment weighing up to 300 pounds.

With a familiar pattern established,



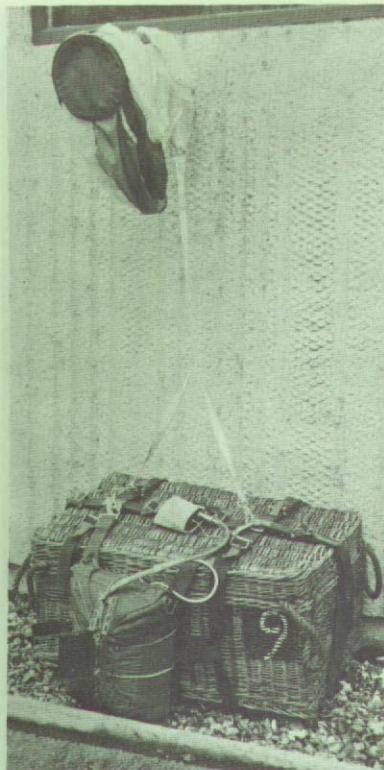
briefings are remarkably straightforward. Aircraft timings, jump altitude, equipment, exit groups, wind speeds and dropping area location were announced by the operations officer like train timings. (Robin by Christian name, he automatically became Boy Wonder to the team and Major Heerey, by an extension of the same logic, became Batman).

With air photo and map the operations officer briefs a trials group.



Mounting up. Bergens, so ponderous now, will be weightless in free-fall.





Left: Sergeant Bill Catt sets a safety device for automatic opening. Normally the parachutists deploy their canopies manually by jerking out the ripcord.

Above: Wicker freight basket rigged for despatch. The small pilot chute on top stabilises the fall and the parachute bursts automatically 1500 feet high.

Right: Fully equipped with reserve and main chutes, flying lights and rucksack on quick release hooks. He can be free of kit, rifle in hand, within seconds.



Mere earthlings would question the word, but the operations officer calls this 11-man descent from 20,000 feet "routine." The first group will go down with the setting sun; forty minutes later the second party will take their 92 seconds with ice and darkness.

A humble three-tonner carrying the high fliers to the mounting airfield passed an

accident site. With a job like theirs ahead, it seemed faintly comic to hear them talk about the dangers of road travel. But this is a totally proficient team of highly able and quick-reacting individuals who calculate their risks and abhor fools and unassessed hazards.

The team's only casualty is jumping again after unluckily breaking his ankle by

landing a second after, and on top of, his equipment.

Sergeant Bill Catt, not often silent or unsmiling for long, was both while he carried out the master safety check at Abingdon. On Royal Air Force barometric information he calibrated the automatic opening device on every man's main parachute.

It has never looked like happening, but if hypoxia, midair collision or disorientation should leave a parachutist helpless, the ripcord opener will be fired automatically by the thickening air pressure at 2000 feet.

In the Argosy the trialists checked the aircraft oxygen they will be using until they go on to their individual ten-minute cylinders. With the pipes stuck in their mouths or eyes to feel the pressure, and thumbs up, they would have passed for a gang of hubble-bubble puffing junkies voting for a refill.

Although pressure inside the plane is stabilised at 6000 feet, the floor is going steeply uphill and the four Rolls-Royce turbo-prop engines wail with effort. While the parachutists yarn, speculate or sleep, a can of goggle demister is making a slow circuit. Someone is flipping through a magazine. The girl on the cover will be feeling the cold very shortly.

On the flight deck an Abingdon crew from the Air Transport Development Unit is enjoying some challenging flying. Tactical free-fall parachuting stands or falls by the crew's ability to fly and navigate within intolerant limits.

A faulty fix could blow up a free-fall operation before it starts. The parachutists are instructed to cover no ground in free-fall, so an error in the air will probably be magnified on the ground.

The release point is predetermined on wind strengths up to exit altitude. (On a day of high upper winds the trials team was jostled a mile and a half cross-country in free-fall).

Within striking distance of the target, the navigator gets an exact visual or instrument fix and starts a close approach. From there on he uses Decca, a radio beacon grid system, or Doppler—less precise but wholly operable within the aircraft's resources.

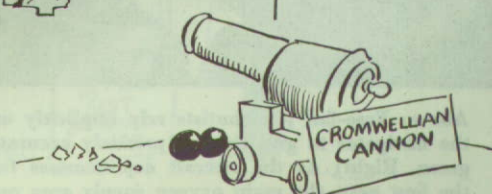
Taxi to the troposphere. Skilful RAF Argosy crews have flown the team with tremendous accuracy.



LARRY'S

WAR MUSEUM

starts here



SKYDIVING

continued



An unmistakable pointer to the magnificent support the Argosy crews have given is the friendly alliance they share with the parachutists.

From altitudes up to four miles high, in cloud and by night, the alliance has produced an astonishing average error of only 1000 yards.

The regimentation of military static-line jumping is unwanted and absent. The airman despatcher gets the word by intercom and passes it on: "OK. Get your kit on *now* and beat the rush."

Each man wears as much warm clothing as he can put on under his camouflaged windproofs. Rifle, main parachute and reserve go on easily; contortions start as he puts his legs through the Bergen shoulder straps and yanks them up to the backs of his thighs.

At every stage equipment is checked. No one wants to carbon copy the American whose parachute blew open prematurely at 16,000 feet.

In the aisle at the plane's tail are a bank of oxygen cylinders and a control console. The trialists shuffle down to take a seat and a pipe. Oxygen masks, goggles, helmets and gloves go on. No flesh is exposed to frostbite and only eyes are visible. Now they travel silently and incognito in a world of their own.

The Argosy has wheeled over Weymouth lighthouse and is on the 40-mile track to Imber. As the cabin depressurises, tons of air hiss out and Jack Frost steals in.

This is a fully tactical trials series and the navigator is getting no help from the ground. But Squadron-Leader Duggie

Hermiston, the trials safety-officer and veteran parachutist, is down there with a safety party and a helpful message from him reaches the team: "There are tanks on the dropping zone but they're being made stationary."

It is difficult to tell, but the grimacing and eye-rolling would seem to indicate appreciation.

Safety regulations for the trials were thrashed out by Squadron-Leader Hermiston and Major Heerey over much midnight oil. The Army agreed minimum cloud base and thickness and maximum wind speed and left responsibility for the safety of the parachutists to the Royal Air Force.

Monitoring the drop is an Army radar team, from the School of Artillery, with some of the most sensitive equipment in the country. Two of the team wear radar reflecting waistcoats to help them get a plot on the exit point. Variable success on these attempts indicates that free-fall parachutists need not fear detection by radar.

The tail doors yawn open and an undertow gale of minus 30 degrees Centigrade courses the Argosy's interior. Ice films altimeter dials and goggles and an invisible sledgehammer is knocking numb one limb after another. Five minutes to P-hour and the despatcher signals a change to individual oxygen. All the thumbs go up.

He leads the encumbered, waddling procession close to the edge of the 20,000-foot diving board and watches intently for any sign of distress. Shortage of oxygen can quickly destroy a man's co-ordination.

As the aircraft drops 100 knots from its



Above: Behind the long drops, Major Mike Heerey, team commander, works long hours at his Alder-shot desk. Below: A thumbs-up check before take-off confirms individual oxygen systems as working



Above: Free-fall parachutists rely implicitly on the navigator to give them a precisely accurate green. Right: As the aircraft depressurises for the first pass, the main oxygen supply goes on.





220-knot cruising speed, the red light gleams and the despatcher motions his charges on to the tail-gate limbo. Leading the left-hand file is 26-year-old Sergeant Bill Scarratt, British National Parachuting Champion of 1966.

The green shines and the despatcher points to the purple void with a Victorian "leave my house for ever" gesture. The bulky figures advance, fling up their arms, pirouette on the edge and whirl down and away in the slipstream. Two men, Sergeant Sherdy Vatnsdal and Corporal Keith Jones, communicate with each other and the ground party by helmet radios as they hurtle down.

It makes a change for Sergeant Vatnsdal to jump in a group. As the team's most experienced jumper he has spent most of the trials chasing and filming the stabilised freight bundles with a helmet-mounted camera.

The group close in the spread of altitude and distance until the five men are dropping at 120 miles per hour within yards of each other. Racing drivers would appreciate the skill involved; it is like keeping station with fast moving cars in the first lap of a Grand Prix.

At 2500 feet, a burst of satisfying thwacks as the parachutists jerk their ripcords and open in formation.

While they release their Bergens to dangle 15 feet below, the lowest man is cruising downwind in search of a landing ground. He picks a flattened area within 1000 yards of the target point and the rest of the group land around him, their canopies almost touching.

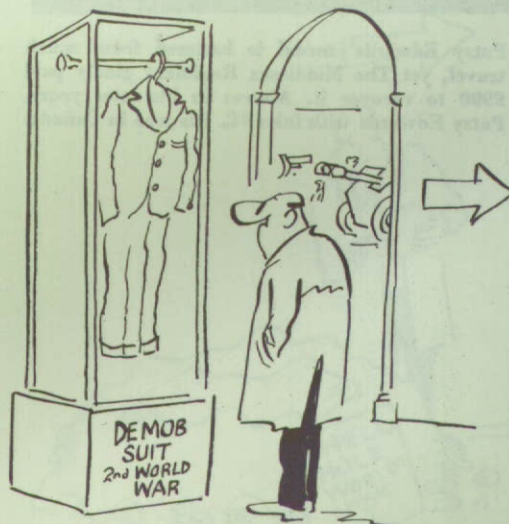
In total darkness the plane makes a second run. The parachutists have pen torches playing on their frosted altimeters and navigation lamps on legs and arms. The effect is grotesque as the Neanderthal silhouettes shamle out to the tail-gate.

For a mad, capering moment, they animate like a frieze of demons when the slipstream takes their weight and gives them back the supreme sensation of flight through stabilised fall.

This month, in a London committee room far removed from the Joint Services' ice-cold empire aloft, the chiefs of the three Services will debate the future of tactical free-fall.

The space race is lost, but we may yet win a principdom in gravity's kingdom, the troposphere.

Above: Pirouetting into space from the tailgate limbo, the trialists exit. Temperature is 30 below and goggles and altimeters are iced up. Uniquely perhaps for British soldiers, the jumpers begin their battles with their hands held high.



VICTORIA CROSS



IT took Mr William French, auctioneer, just 25 effortless seconds to sell Patsy Edwards' Victoria Cross to the highest bidder. On a depressing day in a London saleroom dozens of British bravery decorations were knocked down without frill or sentiment to avid dealers and collectors.

Patsy's Victoria Cross could have joined the melancholy procession into unfamiliar hands—but The Middlesex Regiment would not and could not let it happen. Private Frederick Jeremiah Edwards' Victoria Cross now shares a glass case at his Regiment's museum with a neatly hand-written label—"Presented by the men of the Regiment." The price those men had to pay in half-crowns and hard-earned ten bobs was £900.

The unpalatable truth is that Victoria Crosses have become gilt-edged, highly negotiable investments, and their price is rocketing. Medal collecting generally is flourishing with new vigour. An expert puts the number of young enthusiasts at "thousands" and estimates that in Britain alone there are 200 really wealthy collectors.

Tell any of these numismatologists that bravery has no price and the answer comes "Maybe not, but the medals definitely have." Depending on the citation, date, campaign, recipient's rank, and condition of the medal, they will quote you Military Medals from £5, Military Crosses from £15

to £30 and Distinguished Service Orders from £20 upwards.

Rarity of the medal—only 1345 have been struck—and the ambition of the medal hunters to crown their collections, have forced the Victoria Cross to the current level of £700 plus.

Paradoxically, Victoria Cross winners' regiments who see the medal as an irreplaceable part of their heritage, bid with heart rather than head and frequently set the price pace.

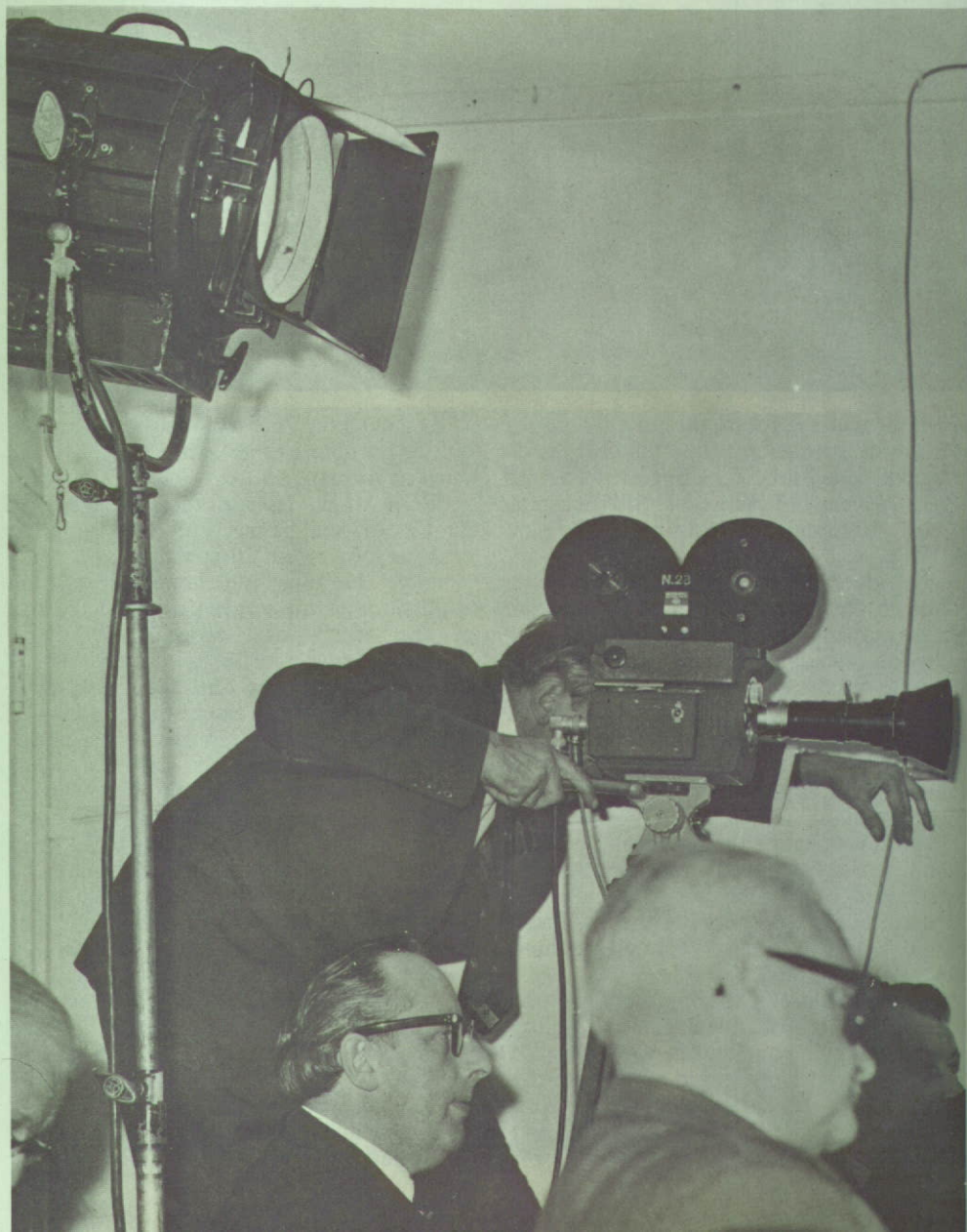
Although one Cross changed hands at mounting sums between ten shillings and £125 before it was recovered by The Royal Hampshire Regiment, the really steep price rise has occurred in the last 15 years. A Cross directly comparable with The Middlesex Regiment's £900 purchase was sold in 1950 for only £98.

Other decorations are almost as hard to win, but none has captured the admiration and imagination like the Victoria Cross. A Cross displayed in a Regimental Museum is a source of pride to old soldiers and an inspiring star of courage for young soldiers to follow.

The constant hope is that families will eventually bequeath their illustrious ancestor's medal to his regiment. As time passes and prices rise this becomes less likely and more regimental headquarters staffs will meet the quandary which faced Major Dick Smith, curator of



Patsy Edwards' medal is battered from much travel, yet The Middlesex Regiment gladly paid £900 to recover it. Above: In his later years, Patsy Edwards with fake VC. His was in Canada.





Top: The dealers gathered in a Mayfair saleroom for the VC sale. Left: A camera team from BBC 2 covered the sale and interviewed Major Dick Smith (above), curator of The Middlesex Regiment's museum and organiser of the VC purchase scheme.

The Middlesex Regiment's museum.

One of the Diehards' 11 Victoria Crosses was coming up for sale; how to raise the money for a bid? Regimental funds were tied up but, on sounding opinion among the Old Comrades, Major Smith found overwhelming support for a voluntary subscription scheme.

One old soldier returned ten shillings there and then with this note: "Well, I'm coming up eighty-two you know and the cold weather is coming along. Might not be here when you send, Sir."

Frederick Jeremiah Edwards, born in Queenstown, County Cork, in 1894, was a mercurial, colourful character. Unable to read or write, perpetually in and out of scrapes, he loved a fight, with or without gloves.

The moment in time that was meant for Patsy Edwards came during an attack on Thiepval in 1916. Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Maxwell VC had told the 12th (Service) Battalion of the Middlesex: "Don't stop and don't retire a yard. Be out to kill and get Thiepval on our Colours". As the citation shows, Edwards obeyed supremely well by storming a machine-gun post single-handed.

The Battalion won more decorations in a single day than any other. Patsy and his great friend Bob Ryder won Victoria Crosses. One Distinguished Service Order, five Military Crosses, and 31 Military Medals were also awarded.

In 1928 it was discovered that Patsy Edwards had pawned his medal; the readers of a daily newspaper recovered it for him. Without telling anyone he later pawned or sold it when desperately hard up and wore a dummy medal. Until he went down with a stroke in 1954, Patsy had been serving as mace bearer to the Mayor of Holborn.

One man provoked him once too often and it is said that Patsy put the mace to good use on his head.

After ten years of dignified and cheerful suffering under a crippling affliction, Patsy Edwards died at the Star and Garter Home in 1964. His VC was bought by Mr J D Ferguson, of Quebec, 20 years ago and remained in Canada until this year.

The sale went better than Major Smith and the six stalwarts of The Middlesex Regiment standing at the back had dared to hope. The price was within their reach. "I thought it was a very good price" said the auctioneer. "I was in the PBI for six years and I'm pleased to see these medals are being preserved."

Brigadier Sir John Smythe VC had different views. "I generally hear when a Victoria Cross is going to be sold and I



discourage it in every way possible. In fact it is very seldom that a man sells his own Cross. The great temptation comes when it is handed down to the family and they find it is worth a lot of money. It's like having a cheque for £1000 hanging from a nail over the fireplace. It was never envisaged that this would happen and I very much deprecate any sale."

Regiments contributed these views:

"The Victoria Cross is the most treasured possession of the Regiment—quite priceless. Its place is with the Regiment and not in the private collection of Mr Snooks of Chicago. But I don't think it is quite on to lobby the families" (Grenadier Guards).

"I don't like it and neither do any of the other curators, it is getting to ridiculous proportions and quite wrongly putting a price on bravery" (The Queen's Royal Surreys).

Views vary widely. Some regiments are prepared to go to any lengths to recover a Victoria Cross. Others take the view that £900 is far too much money for "just another exhibit." In contrast to those regiments in constant touch with the present owners of their Victoria Crosses, others could locate very few and did not seem to care much.

Mrs Margaret Pratt has spent five years researching a book on the Victoria Cross. If what she believes is correct there is a good case for forbidding the export of Victoria Crosses to other than Commonwealth countries.

"Where the buyers are not disclosed I always feel they are Americans. I think that most of the untraced Crosses are in America.

"Collectors there do not admit they have them—I know of one collector with five not publicly acknowledged. If prices continue to go up, and the Americans return to the market, no regiment in this country will be able to afford a Cross.

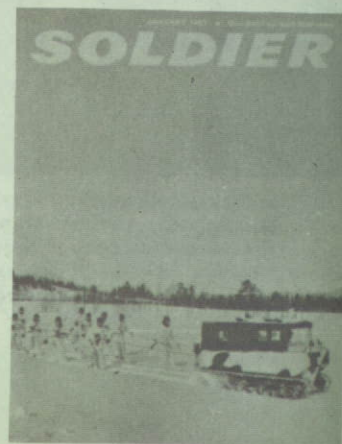
"One man said to me over the telephone, 'I wish I'd bought more when they were cheap'. Cheap! I wish I could have slapped his face."



Above: A delighted Major Smith celebrates with past and present soldiers of The Middlesex Regiment. The sale was nerve-racking. They feared the bidding would go too high. The £900 price tag contrasts strangely with the 25s it would cost to make a Victoria Cross today (below).



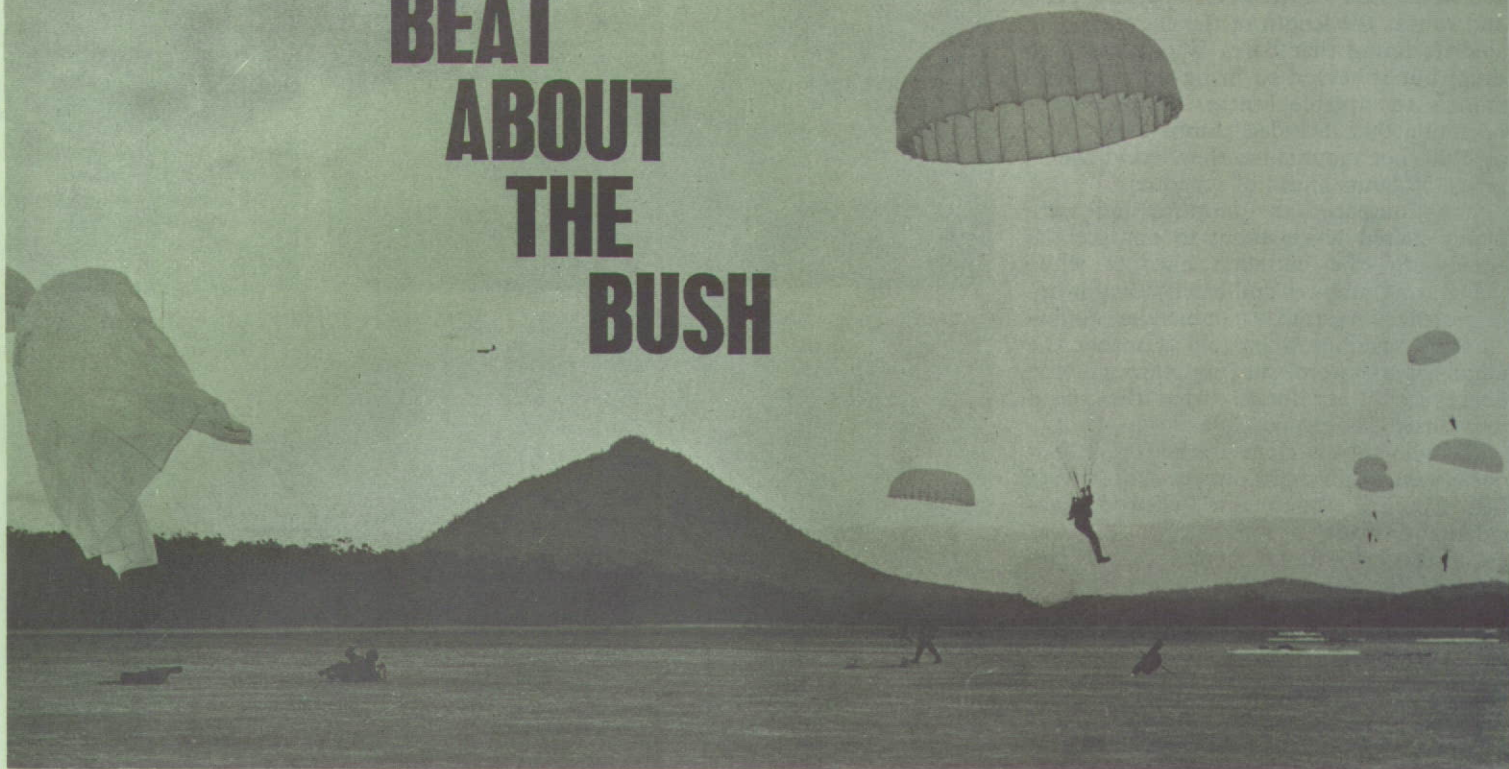
Six men who won Victoria Crosses in the same battle as the late Patsy Edwards met on the Somme last year.



FRONT COVER

A Norwegian snow tractor tows skiing soldiers of 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, across a snowfield near Bardufoss. They were home for two weeks before flying out to Aden for a six-month tour. This month the hot-and-cold soldiers return to Norway for a sub-zero exercise with NATO's ACE Mobile Force.

PARAS BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH



PERHAPS the worst of the natural aggravations was the dust. Red dust, white dust, grey dust—fine as talcum and lying like snowdrifts. Heavy wheels thumped into dust-filled ruts and, every time, it was like a bomb in a flour bin.

Any vehicle travelling at speed looked like a moving explosion and flying dust coated the gum trees with a ghostly pallor. Weapons sabotaged by dust sounded like coffee grinders and all meals were taken with salt, pepper—and dust.

Shoalwater Bay, Queensland, where 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, were guests in Australia's biggest peace-

time exercise, is a sun-parched wilderness suffering its eighth year of drought. The month-long exercise embroiling almost 10,000 troops was code-named by the aboriginal words for "to hunt and camp"—Barra Winga. It began for the 520 men of the Battalion with a journey from Aldershot to Brisbane the aborigines might have called "Para Winga."

Shoalwater is nearly 600 miles north of Brisbane and deep in the bush, and it was easy to see why the Australian Army was allotted these 1500 square miles of savanna as a training area two years ago. Ingeniously incorporating every disagreeable combination of climate and geography, the area

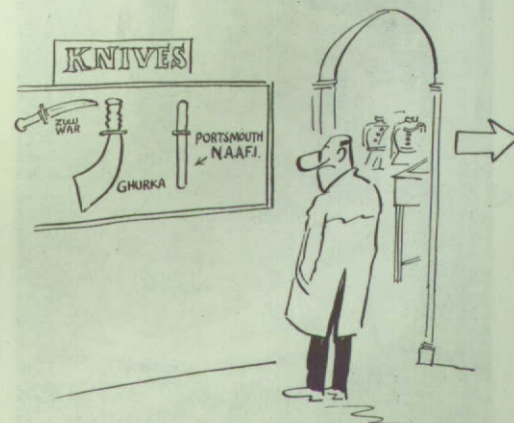
offers beaches—of the kind swimmers avoid—mangrove swamps, arid plains, rainless rain forests and mountains—of the kind climbers avoid. In official words it possesses "the desirable variety of terrain required for a major training area."

Fortunately for the hard-worked soldiers on Barra Winga, the Queensland summer was still warming up. The nights were cool and the day temperatures hovered in the nineties.

For most of the Australian soldiers involved, the exercise was a dress rehearsal for later this year when they go to Viet Nam. The scheme planners had reacted by writing a guerilla war with a Far East setting. Living, acting and thinking like Viet Cong, the 3rd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment, supplied a realistic enemy, the Queensland Cong. Realistic except for the brawny diggers who wore floral dress and made the most improbable Asian womenfolk ever.

The QC dug a maze of tunnels and hideaways and delayed their pursuers in

British paratroopers jump into Australia's biggest peace-time exercise (above). They lived in the bush for a month patiently hunting (below) a guerilla enemy with the Australian Army's 6th Task Force.



the Australian Army's 6th Task Force with booby traps and keenly pointed wooden *panji* stakes.

Fighting in the Vietnamese concept was something new for the British paratroopers, and so was the length of the exercise. The soldiers found that Barra Wunga began to drag, but it served to bring out the Battalion's remarkable fitness. On one short operation that included climbs over a pair of 2400-foot mountains, they found themselves 36 hours ahead of schedule.

They outpaced the umpires and were finally halted when about to outpace the enemy. So the Battalion hove to while the panting umpires and enemy caught up. Experienced Australian commanders doubted their positions when told it meant the paratroopers were moving through the dense scrub at almost twice the speed previously thought possible.

He who travels alone travels faster, but not always in the right direction, as Private Bill Mitchell found out when he accidentally made a lone sortie. He was covering a withdrawal from a Queensland Cong ambush and his fire was particularly withering. He was credited with one Cong killed and an umpire riddled by five blanks. Shooting umpires is not allowed, but Private Mitchell had an explanation—his view was obscured by long grass. Next he found he was in hostile country and separated from his section. A fruitless attempt in the dark to rejoin his Battalion left him thoroughly lost, so he calmly made camp and slept. Apart from kangaroos and a four-foot snake which came to inspect, he was not disturbed. He got up at dawn and trudged four miles to rejoin his platoon.

The anticipated snake menace did not materialise. Australia stocks assorted lethal snakes and the doctors were loaded with antidotes, but there were no bites. The dreaded taipan, the world's most venomous snake, was not so much as glimpsed.

Other animals, including ration-pack-eating possums, giant lizards and kangaroos, were frequently sighted. During one attack, a company found four kangaroos occupying the objective. Noting that the 'roos, though friendly, were very reserved, one soldier explained, "They're probably jealous because we can jump further than they can."

During Barra Wunga, men of 3rd Parachute Battalion made three descents from the ramp exit of unfamiliar Caribou aircraft. On the last jump a party of the British



Left: As director of Barra Wunga, Maj-Gen Douglas Vincent called the tune for 3 Para's Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col Jim Scobie.

Right: Brisbane turned out in force to watch 3 Para march past the Governor of Queensland (saluting, right).



Above: An Australian soldier masquerading as a Queensland Cong is covered and frisked by the searching paras.

Left: The paratroopers out-jumped the kangaroos, and the one Cpl Dennis Welch met up with seemed very sad about the humiliation.

Right: Water-skiing, swimming and surfing were powerful off-duty draws for the Aldershot soldiers in Australia.





paratroopers was joined by Australian and New Zealand delegations for a demonstration leap before an audience of 20,000 people, half the population of the town of Rockhampton. The first man to land was the British Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Jim Scobie, British-born son and grandson of Australians. The Battalion's padre, Chaplain Paul Abram, became the first priest ever to parachute on to Australian soil.

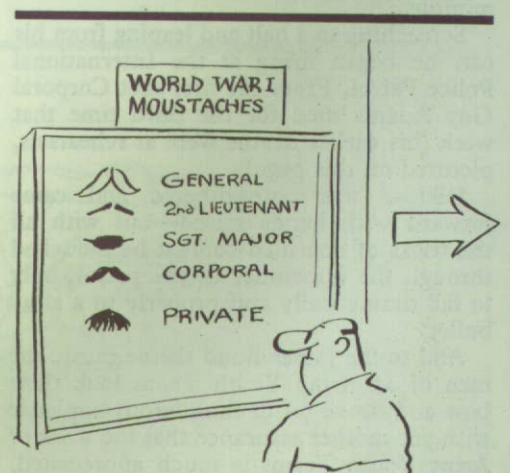
Bush fires were a hazard treated with respect by all on the exercise. A company, forced to abandon its position smartly, saw it engulfed by a fast-moving fire with ten-foot high flames burning on a front of several miles.

After a final battle in which the Britons

led the attack, Queensland was pronounced de-Conged with the 6th Task Force the victors by a crushing margin.

The paratroopers thankfully exchanged Shoalwater for Brisbane to take some leave, get the dust out of their systems and parade through the city. A performance of beating retreat by the band and a free-fall display by the Battalion's team rounded off a highly successful trip.

As only the second unit to train in Australia, the 3rd Parachute Battalion confirmed the good impression left by the 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, in 1963. The Battalion also completed a world record for any fighting unit—in the last two years, it has visited all five continents.



The Fighting Thirty-First

IN the three years since Army Youth Teams were formed, their ceaseless efforts to interest today's youth in today's British Army have not only produced valuable recruits but won them the respect and friendship of youth clubs everywhere.

The Youth Teams—there are 78 of them throughout the British Isles—take the Army to the clubs, a goldmine of potential recruits, and show their members as many of the varied aspects of Army life as they can. The idea is not to press-gang recruits but simply to chat to the youngsters and create an interest that might lead to a voluntary one-way trip to an Army Careers Information Office.

To whet the appetite of club members the Youth Teams arrange film shows, judo displays, trampoline sessions, orienteering, map reading, adventure training, camping, visits to units and just about anything else which interests the teenager.

The jobs the Youth Teams are asked to tackle run up and down the gamut of ingenuity—and make full use of the specialist abilities of many of the team members.

For example, Lance-Corporal Dick George, of 31 Army Youth Team, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Bicester, is a judo orange belt. And in just three weeks he introduced team-mate Lance-Corporal Dave Tate to unarmed combat so that the pair could take part in a demonstration by the Fighting Thirty-First, as the Youth Team now privately calls itself.

It was 31 Army Youth Team's biggest public appearance, before a crowd of 20,000 watching an aerial fireworks display put on by the local Round Table at Headington Park, Oxford.

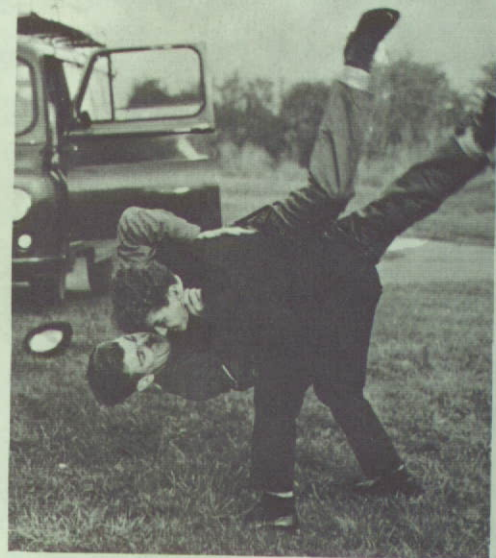
During the interval, amid a fusillade of shots, glaring headlights, blaring horns and exploding thunderflashes, Lance-Corporal Tate (masquerading as Dikibar Tonski, a dangerous spy) came careering through the trees at breakneck speed, pursued by a khaki minibus.

Screeching to a halt and leaping from his car, he began firing at the International Police Patrol. From the first shot Corporal Guy Adams died for the third time that week (his earlier deaths were at rehearsals, pictured on this page).

Dikibar was outnumbered and came forward with hands raised—but with all the tricks of unarmed combat he ploughed through the remainder of the patrol, only to fall dramatically and properly to a stray bullet.

And to the James Bond theme music the men of 31 Army Youth Team took their bow and drove off to thunderous applause with yet another assurance that the work of Army Youth Teams is much appreciated.

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THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT

This is the new badge of The Queen's Regiment which came into being on 31 December 1966.

The four Regular battalions of the new "large regiment" are 1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Surreys); 2nd Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Own Buffs); 3rd Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Royal Sussex); and 4th Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Middlesex).

The one Territorial and Army Volunteer Reserve II unit will be known as the 5th (Volunteer) Battalion, The Queen's Regiment, while the five T and AVR III units, also to be formed on 1 April 1967, will probably be titled 6th (Territorial) Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Surrey) or (Queen's Surreys); 7th (Territorial) Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (East Kent); 8th (Territorial) Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (West Kent); 9th (Territorial) Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Royal Sussex); and 10th (Territorial) Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Middlesex).

While the new Regiment will embrace Regulars, Volunteers, Territorials and young soldiers in one family, all with the same cap badge, it will not as yet, as prematurely stated in *SOLDIER* to *Soldier* (December), include the Army Cadet Force.





Above: Maj L J P Morrish, Royal Hampshire Regiment, entertains Libyans.

Left: An old Libyan horseman tries out a modern sky horse—a 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards helicopter. He was a member of the original resistance of Libya's Italian colonisation.

Right: Welcoming the Arab guests—Col A J S Martin and Lieut-Col A G Woods.



Thanks to the Arabs

IT was the Army's way of saying thank you for local co-operation—an Arab-style feast laid on for 300 Arab villagers and tent-dwelling tribesmen near the earthquake town of Barce in North Africa.

Close to Barce are the hundreds of acres of desert used by the British Army for training purposes—acres which saw much

fighting during World War Two. And to gain the utmost benefit from exercises there it is essential to have maximum co-operation from the local Arabs.

The good relations which have always existed were considerably strengthened by the rapid help which British troops gave when Barce was struck by an earthquake four years ago (SOLDIER, April 1963). Now the Army has expressed its own appreciation with a traditional Arab feast.

A large marquee was erected in a field overlooked by the Gebel el Achdar—the Green Mountain—and the 300 guests and their hosts (officers of Cyrenaica Area Headquarters in Benghazi) grouped themselves into parties of eight. Guests and hosts sat cross-legged in Arab fashion while appetising native dishes—cooked by Barce women—were served from large platters.

The fare, eaten with the fingers, included mutton curry, rice cooked in goat's milk and large joints of roast lamb. The meal ended with delicious mint tea served in minute glasses.

As a reciprocal gesture the colourfully dressed tribesmen gave a spectacular display of horsemanship in which they rode at full gallop, firing their rifles into the air, past the onlookers.

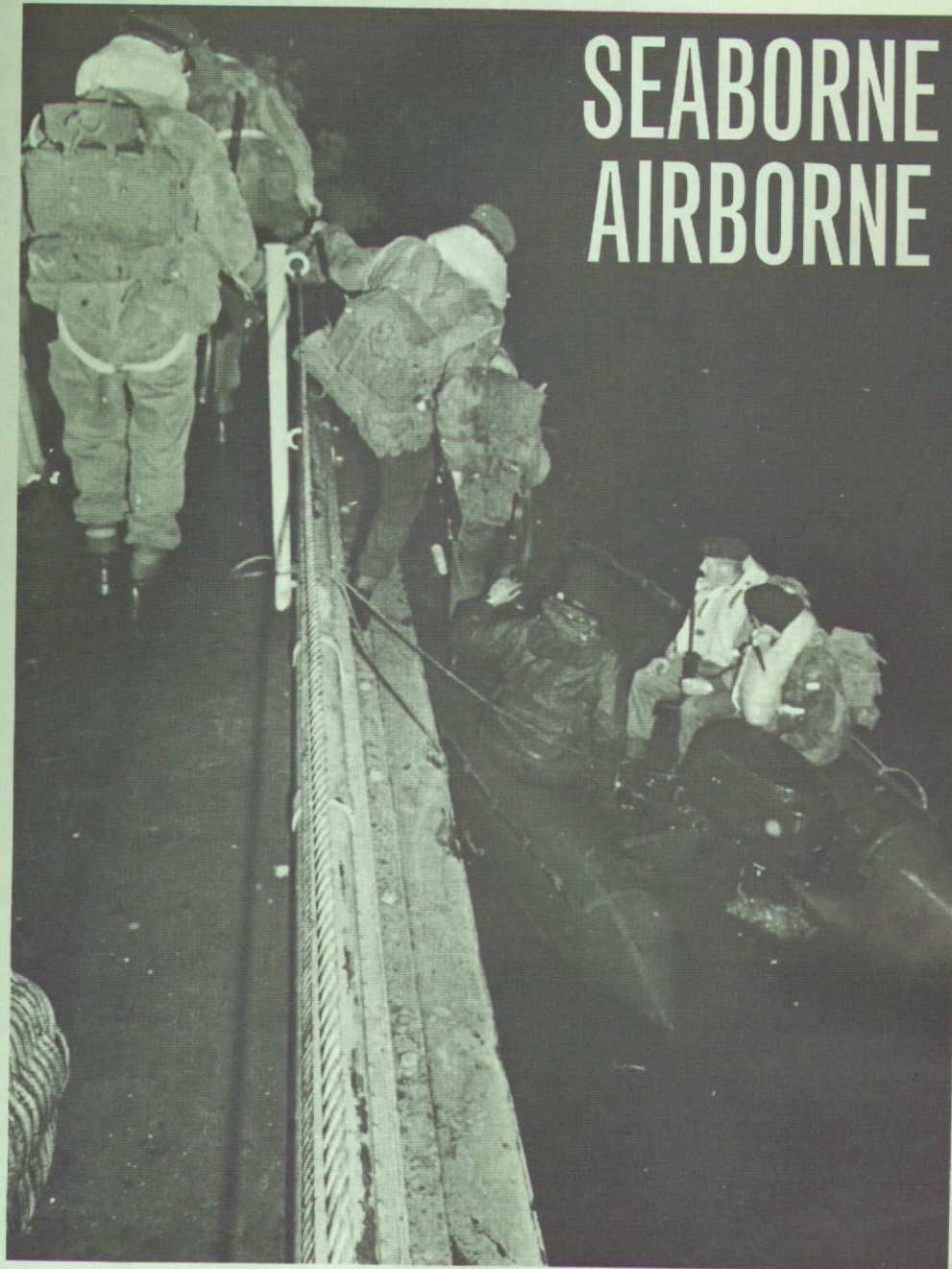
After speeches, including one by Colonel A J S Martin, Commander Cyrenaica Area, in which he sent greetings to King Idris of Libya, the feast ended—just as the sun disappeared behind the crest of the Green Mountain.

The guests left as they had come, on foot, on horseback, by bicycle—or by car.

From a report by Donald Strange, Army Public Relations, Malta and Libya.

Right: Making a technical inspection of a mare and her foal is Lieut-Col Woods, commanding the 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.





SEABORNE AIRBORNE

WITH scarcely a sound, the sea-borne airborne slipped to their places on the landing craft's open deck. Silently slipping her moorings, the shallow water beaching craft headed out to sea with Territorials of 15th (Scottish) Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, aboard and preparing for action 800 feet lower than usual, with lifejackets replacing the usual parachutes.

Objective for the Battalion's last training exercise of 1966 was the west coast island of Arran to which "armed insurgents" had fled from the mainland.

Elevated to command for the operation, the Battalion's second-in-command, Major Jock Robertson, aimed to make a swift amphibious landing and a hell-for-leather pursuit.

The climax to a year's counter-insurgency training cast the Glasgow company in the role of anarchists and called for the Edinburgh, Aberdeen and Perth companies to take ship and attack them.

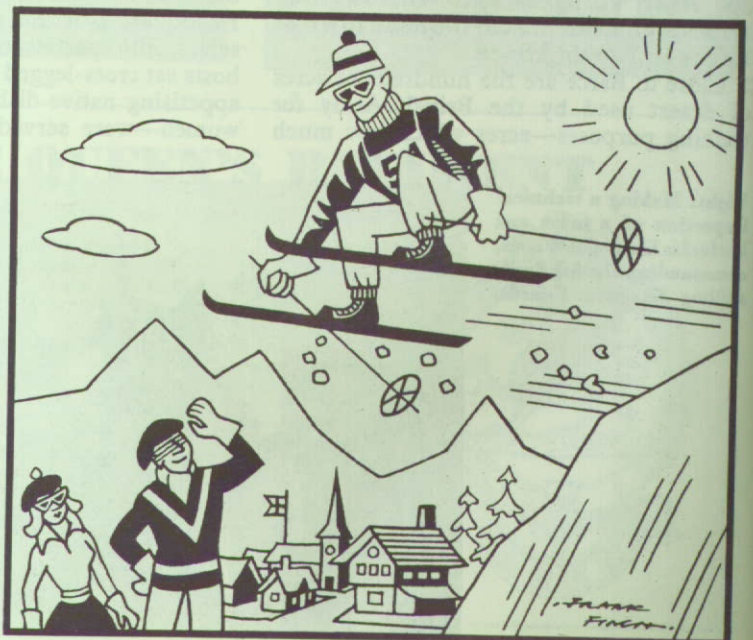
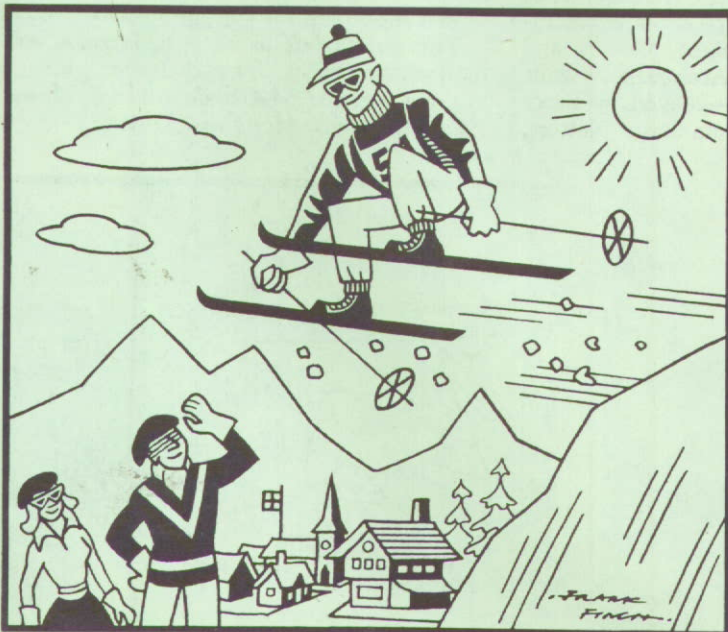
Reaching Arran as dawn was creeping over the sea, the assault ship lurked in hiding behind neighbouring Holy Island until H-hour. The paratroopers were heavily laden with equipment for the land operations when they scrambled into the rubber-hulled Gemini assault craft crewed by men of the Royal Marine Forces Volunteer Reserve.

As the Geminis grounded, the paratroopers hoofed through the surf to attack their first objectives—two wartime pill-boxes infested with rebel soldiers. Opposition was light and the emphasis quickly switched to a deep penetration sweep and search of the island's interior.

Pausing only for a rainswept breakfast, the 15th went terrorist-hunting over some of the roughest country in Arran. The

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 25.





Above: Battalion HQ comes ashore, Maj Jock Robertson clambering from the Gemini while Capt Gordon Rose (Signals Officer) stands behind. Opposite page: Paratroopers loading into the Gemini craft.



Above: CSM Alex Dunbar watches critically as a casualty is laid on a stretcher for evacuation.

rebel bands were hiding in areas of young forest where the deeply ploughed surface, camouflaged with heather, provided a phenomenally effective mantrap defence.

Apt comment on the leg-weary chase into the mountains came from a permanent staff instructor: "Even the mountain goats

kept clear of the route marked on our map. They just shook their heads in sorrow as we climbed past them."

In spite of the wild going, the Battalion's bag of prisoners grew with a speed that satisfied Major Robertson and impressed Brigadier G R Flood, commander of 44th

Parachute Brigade. Conducting the Brigadier to ensure his safe conduct, and doubling as chief umpire, was the 15th Battalion's commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel L Robertson.

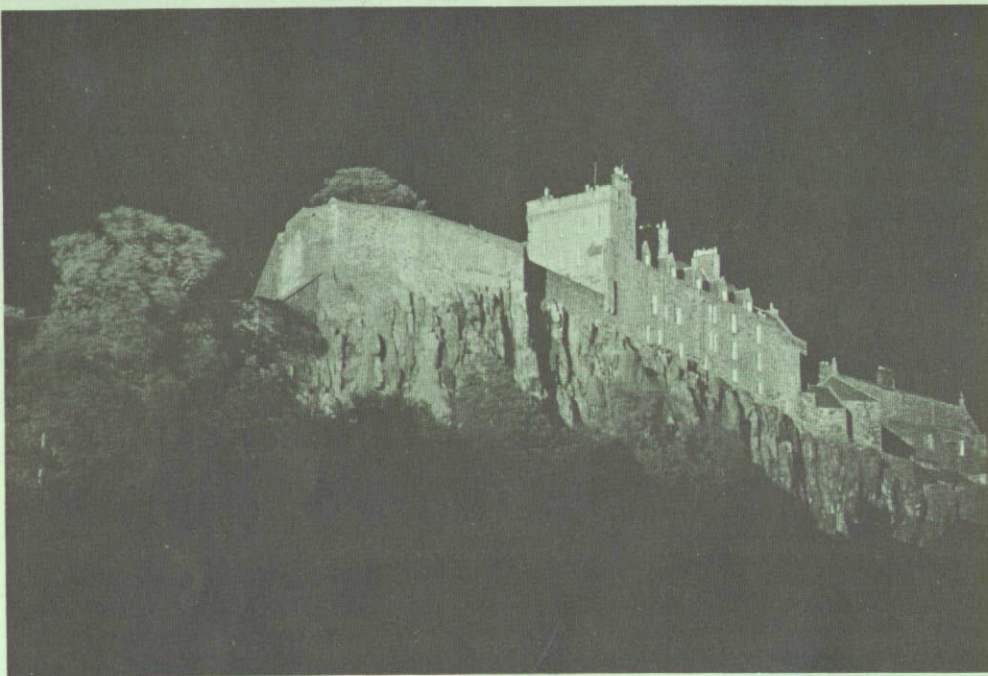
At nightfall, transport picked up the Battalion and took the paratroopers back to their bivouac camp for the exercise's most popular phase—beer and a chicken barbecue meal round a huge bonfire.

The scheme ended next day with a voyage back to Greenock in fine conditions—the kind of smug calm the weather allows itself after producing saturating rain for the duration of an exercise.

Below: Two men of C Company lie in wait with their rocket launcher as the insurgent sweep goes on.



LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE



Territorial Sappers brought Stirling Castle under searchlight fire during their annual camp. While two searchlights brilliantly lit the castle from two miles away, Mr Ian S Kennedy clicked the shutter on an unusual picture. The searchlights were manned by 873 (Independent) Movement Light Squadron, Royal Engineers, shortly to become the only unit of its kind to get light duty in the Army Volunteer Reserve.

After 20 years the Army's magazine stops printing pin-ups. Next thing the Army officially recognises pin-ups and provides soldiers with a special display board. That's the way it goes! In the new Chattenden Barracks of the Royal School of Military Engineering, near Rochester, Kent, a feature of the six-soldier rooms is the pin-up board (left) over every bed head. But this is a concession to men only—the girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps have no official pin-up boards in their bedrooms.



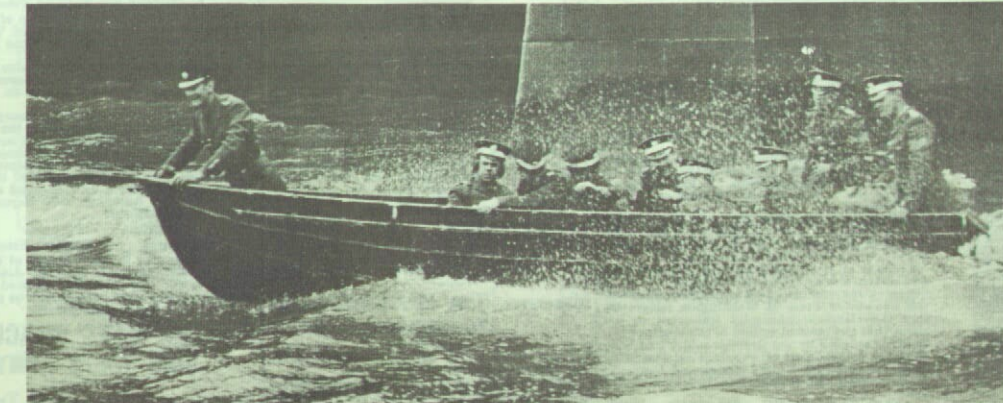
The Cornish town of Bodmin has never forgotten James Henry Finn VC and, on Remembrance Sunday, the town council paid him a touching compliment. While a detachment of his Regiment, The South Wales Borderers, held the ground, the Mayor named a £120,000 housing development "Finn VC Estate" and unveiled a bronze plaque. The new estate stands on the site of the street where Finn spent his childhood and several members of his family attended the ceremony. Private Finn's Victoria Cross, now owned by the town, was awarded for his bravery at Sannaiyat in April 1916. He attended two wounded men and brought one back to safety while under swathing fire from the Turkish front line. The Cornishman was fatally wounded a year later in Mesopotamia.



Just for fun, girls of 28 Company, Women's Royal Army Corps, serving in Aden, tried their hand shooting on the range with the Sterling sub-machine gun. In case the thought occurs to anyone, no, they will not be going on patrol. But judging by the number of nine-millimetre holes inflicted on the targets, the security patrols would find them deadshot assets if the unthinkable ever happened! Corporal Jean Whittaker is above, Staff-Sergeant Pat Halfpenny below, Corporal Anne Henderson right.



Ammunition boxes weighing a shade under a total six tons whistled about like pillows when 26 Pioneers rehearsed (left) for their display at the British Legion Festival of Remembrance in the Royal Albert Hall, London. In six-and-a-half minutes, a section of 206 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, from Long Marston, unloaded 445 30-pound boxes and built them into a pyramid more than ten feet high. On to the tiers leapt nine Pioneers representing the dress and weapons of the Corps from 1939 to the present day. Topping the pyramid as the "Pioneer of the future" was Junior Private D Liptrot. The Corps' Remembrance Festival display was watched by the Queen and millions of televiewers.



Tell *this* to the Marines! Captain Jimmy James—smiling figurehead at the bows—and a boatload of Coldstream Guardsmen made a sartorially perfect landfall at Westminster Pier. They were in a party of 26 men of 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, who returned to London from a training spell on Dartmoor by sea, canal and rivers in two powered assault boats. Their route was the Taunton-Bridgwater Canal, by sea to Bristol, then via Bath, Devizes, Hungerford, Newbury, Reading and Windsor. Picture above shows one of the boats breasting a lively swell on the Thames.



A headline in a paper of the time plainly tells how total Britain's involvement had become as the war glissaded into a third terrible year. Asquith had gone and with Lloyd-George's electrifying leadership had come a call-up for all men under 31. On the single page reproduced, there is evidence of the war affecting nations on opposite sides of the globe—Brazil and Russia. There was little news from the Western Front—the Allies were preparing a Spring offensive. Seeing no hope of a successful offensive in France, the Germans were pinning their faith in defence on land and a violent onslaught at sea on our food and supply ships.

January 22, 1917

THE DAILY MIRROR

Page 3

GOVERNMENT CALL FOR ALL MEN UNDER 31 TO SERVE

Germans Claim Capture of a Sereth Bridgehead and Rumanian Town.

BRAZIL TO GUARD COAST AGAINST RAIDER.

Allies Give Greece 15 Days' Grace for Removal of Army—Tsar's Victory Message to His Premier.

The chief features of yesterday's news were:—
MEN UNDER 31 FOR THE ARMY.—The Government announce that men under 31 will be of more value to the country serving with the colours than they would be in civil employment. Tribunals have been notified to this effect. Men engaged in certain skilled occupations (including agriculture) are exempted from the order.

THE GERMAN RAIDER.—Owing to the sinking of ships by the German commerce raider Brazilian commerce has been affected and the Brazilian Government has therefore sent a battleship to cruise off the coast.

RUMANIA.—Berlin claims the capture of a Sereth bridgehead as well as the town of Nanesi. A Russian storming attack "back across the Sereth bridges" resulted, the foe say, in "severe losses" for our Ally.

RUSSIA.—The Tsar has sent a striking message to the new Premier, Prince Golitzin, on the Government's responsibilities. The natural resources of Russia, says the Emperor, are inexhaustible, and he speaks of recent measures towards final victory.

GREECE.—The Entente Powers have given the Greek General Staff fifteen days in which to remove their guns into Peloponnese.

BRAZIL AND THE MENACE OF GERMAN RAIDERS.

Battleship to Cruise Off the Northern Coast—Hun Privateer Named Vinetta.

Owing to the continual sinking of ships which affect the commerce of Brazil, the Brazilian Government, says a Reuters message, have dispatched a coast battleship to cruise off the northern coast.

According to a Rio de Janeiro message, the German Atlantic raider treated the captured crews very badly, keeping them without food for two days.

Altogether 237 survivors are said to have been landed.

BURGOS ATTRA, Saturday.—A United Press dispatch states that the Hudson Maru arrived at Recife, with a German crew. It is not known whether she will be allowed to leave or will be interned.

The raider originally put captives on board the St. Theodore, and other prizes which were forced to accompany her until the 12th inst, when the Hudson Maru was taken.

Arrivals at Recife say that the raider Vinetta was of the Moore type.—Exchange.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—The correspondent of the Associated Press at Washington telegraphs that the German Admiralty statement to the effect that the neutral sailors of the crews of the vessels captured by the German raider had been removed as prisoners of war, will raise another issue between the United States and Germany if the neutral sailors should include any Americans.

It is maintained that neutral sailors could be considered prisoners of war only if their vessels came within the category of warships.

The State Department has held throughout that a vessel cannot be classed as a warship unless it sails with naval orders, under a naval flag, and is manned by naval crews.

NO RUSSIAN PEACE UNTIL FINAL VICTORY.

Tsar's Stirring Message to New Prince on Country's Resources.

PETERSBURG, Sunday.—The Tsar has addressed the following receipt to Prince Golitzin, the Prime Minister:—

"Having entrusted to you the responsible post of President of the Council of Ministers, I deem it opportune to point out to you the pressing problems the solution of which should be the main object of the Government's attention."

"At the present moment, when the tide of the great war has turned, all the thoughts of all Russians, without distinction of nationality or class, are directed towards the valiant and glorious defenders of our country, who, with keen expectation, are awaiting the decisive encounter with the enemy."

"In complete solidarity with our faithful Allies, not entertaining any thought of a conclusion of peace until the Russian people, united, firmly believe that the Russian people, supporting the burden of war with self-denial, will accomplish their duty to the end, not stopping at any sacrifice."

"The natural resources of our country are unending, and there is no danger of their becoming exhausted, as is apparently the case with our enemies."

HUN STORY OF CAPTURE OF SERETH BRIDGEHEAD.

"Russians, Caught by Batteries, and Suffer Severe Losses."

GERMAN OFFICIAL.
Army Group of Archduke Joseph.—In the Eastern Carpathians a planned enemy attack against the Putna Valley road was prevented from developing by our efficient artillery fire. Minor Russian advances were repulsed.

ARMY GROUP OF VON MACKENSEN.—On January 18, in addition to Maresil, the whole of the bridgehead, which was still tenaciously defended by the Russians, fell into our hands. The Rumanian Artillery and West Prussian storming general hostile lines, supported by strongly entrenched points d'appui. The town itself was taken in a violent house-to-house struggle.

The Russians, storming bridges, were caught under the fire of our outflanking batteries and machine-guns, suffering severe losses. One officer, 500 rank and file, two machine-guns and four mine-throwers fell into our hands.

Macedonian Front.—In the head of the Cerne, east of Parolom, a German reconnoitring detachment carried out a successful enterprise.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.
Rumanian Front.—No events of importance have occurred. At some points successful reconnoitring operations by our troops and Rumanian units took place.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

RUSSIANS MAKE ARTILLERY ATTACKS AT KOVEL.

Austrians Bayoneted in Fierce Struggle South of Stanislav.

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.
(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Western Front.—In the direction of Kovel, in the region of the north-west of Volok, we made two artillery attacks on some sectors of the enemy's positions.

At various points the enemy wire entanglements were damaged, and many successful hits were observed. In one bludgeon an explosion occurred.

The enemy bombarded with heavy artillery our position north of Boleskovo (on the Narodna River) and slightly damaged our trenches in the region of the village St. Shumskikh.

South of Stanislav our scouts attacked a reconnoitring party in the region of the village Zagrozd, and after a hand-to-hand struggle a number of the Austrians were bayoneted and others taken prisoners.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.
(Admiralty per Wireless Press.)

Army Group of Prince Leopold of Bavaria.—East of Baranovitchi German detachments, forcing their way forward, entered Russian trenches and brought back prisoner.

FIFTEEN DAYS' GRACE FOR KING TINO'S ARMY.

First Stage in Removal of Troops to Place of Concentration.

ATHENS, Saturday.—The military representatives of the Entente Powers to-day informed the Greek General Staff that a period of fifteen days will be allowed to the latter in which to transport all the guns and machine guns of the Greek Army into the Peloponnese.

The stipulated period will date as from to-day.

ATHENS, Saturday.—The removal of the troops in Peloponnese began to-day with the transfer of the First Regiment of Field Artillery.

First of all, the guns and material will be transferred, and the infantry will follow.

The place of concentration is in the region of Corinth. The Anglo-French Military Commission charged with supervising the removals will leave shortly for Patras and Larissa.—Exchange.

PARIS, Saturday.—It is reported from Athens that the liberation of the imprisoned Venetians has been proceeding without incident through-out Greece.—Reuter.

FOE TROOP MOVEMENTS.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.
Between the Sarsa and the Adige artillery duels and enemy troop movements are reported.

Along the rest of the Trentino front and on the Julian front there was the usual activity of the artillery and trench mortar batteries.

In the Plava district and on the Carso our patrols encountered enemy reconnoitring parties.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

PARIS, Saturday.—On Tuesday and Wednesday in each week after February 1 the Government has decided to close all pastrycooks' shops and the pastry departments of bakers' shops and other business establishments.—Per Wireless.

EVERY MAN UNDER 31 TO GO.

Government Give Tribunals Orders What To Do.

MEN WHO ARE EXEMPT.

"Every man under thirty-one years of age, who is fit for general service (Category A) or for garrison service abroad (Category B) will be, after January 31, of more value to the country with the forces than he would be in civil employment."

"Tribunals will not be justified in exempting beyond January 31 . . . any man under thirty-one years of age who is fit for general service or for garrison abroad, unless he comes within certain specified exceptions."

This important decision has been come to by the Government "after a careful survey of the situation," and all Tribunals have been circulated in that effect.

In other words, the Government have decided that every fit man under thirty-one (with certain exceptions) is of more value to the country with the forces than he would be in civil employment.

The following are the exceptions to the general rule:—

EXEMPTED OCCUPATIONS.
(1) If the man belongs to one of the occupations specified in Appendix A to the list of certified occupations—skilled men urgently required for munitions or other work of national importance.

(2) If the man, with due regard to age limits, is in a certified occupation.

(3) If the man is engaged on work of high national importance and possesses special qualifications for that work which make him manifestly irreplaceable.

"The policy here announced," says the official notice, "does not apply to agriculture."

"The special decision mentioned above with regard to men under thirty-one years of age should not make the Tribunals too strict in deciding applications in respect of men above that age."

The demand for men at all military ages who are fit for general service, or for garrison abroad, is so great that exemption is not justified unless supported on very strong grounds."

"DID NOT WANT BRICKS, BUT BOUQUETS."

Labour Chief Wants To Be Helpful to Employers and Workers.

"My hope as Minister of Labour," said Mr. John Hodge at Rushmore yesterday, "is that my department will never be known as the Circumlocution Office."

He wanted to be helpful to employers and workers and he wanted them to be helpful to him. He did not want criticism. He did not want half bricks, but bouquets.

From all parts of the country he had received promises of assistance, but regretted that in one instance he had been turned down by his own labour colleagues who had refused to nominate their town man to a committee.

He hoped they would reconsider their decision and the blunder they had made.

When peace came he hoped to have the necessary machinery ready. He favoured the doubling of Labour Exchanges.

MAIL STEAMER SEIZED.

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—The Prins Hendrik arrived with ten of the sixteen passengers who had left yesterday morning. The mail boat shortly after having left Dutch territorial waters was stopped and brought to Zeebrugge by three torpedo boats, supported by two aeroplanes.

There the passengers had to remain in cabins guarded by old marines. All passports were

FOUR STEAMERS SUNK.

Lloyd's reported yesterday the following vessels sunk:—

Ngilua Court (British steamer).

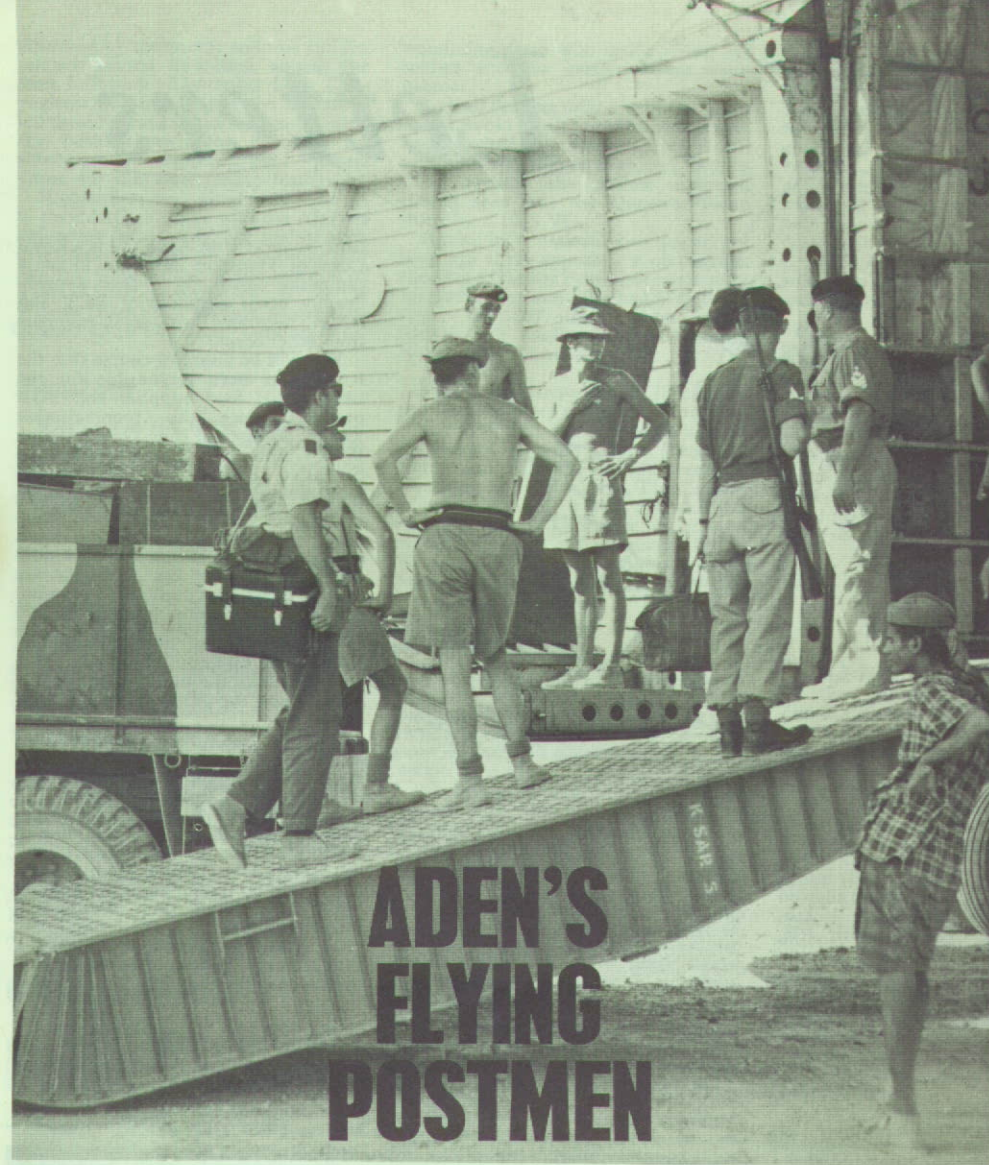
Parahye (Spanish steamer).

Marietta di Gioie (Norwegian steamer), 988 tons.

Asp (Norwegian steamer).

examined, and five passengers were ordered to leave the boat.

On Saturday morning the boat was brought to Ostend, where the mails were searched. All the mail bags were taken on land, and some of them were later returned, the vessel then being released by the Germans and escorted out of the harbour by a torpedo boat.—Reuter.



ADEN'S FLYING POSTMEN

IN the desert regions of deepest South Arabia there is a password of powerful magic called "Mail." When invoked it will earn the bearer food, rest, a seat in a crowded bar, a place on the fastest aircraft and the gilded status of a visiting dignitary.

The British soldiers stationed in the cheerless wastes of the Federation depend on regular letters for vital contact with home. A mail call is one of the brighter spots in their week. While saying that an army marches on its stomach, Napoleon craftily made no mention of mail. Possibly the postal service between Spain and Paris in the early 1800s was not up to much—it certainly would not stand comparison with

that provided in Arabia by 24th Infantry Brigade Postal and Courier Communications Unit.

Since October 1964 the Royal Engineers who staff the unit have journeyed to whichever inhospitable, inaccessible area battalions, companies or platoons happened to be occupying, to deliver and collect mail.

The flying postmen travel by Royal Air Force short-range aircraft and Army Air Corps monoplanes and helicopters and carry classified courier mail as well as private letters.

They have adopted the Pony Express motto, "The mail must go through," and take sizeable risks to make sure that it does. So far no one has arrived with arrows in his

back and mail bag dangling from his saddle pommel, but they take their chances with snipers and accept the normal hazards of operational flying in a mountain region.

Often the telephone will ring in the Forces Post Office, Falaise, with an offer of a mail trip on an unscheduled flight up-country to leave in 30 minutes' time. That kind of co-operation helps the soldier-postmen to keep up a regular service direct to locations in Area East and to Habilayn for redistribution by convoy or resupply aircraft in Area West.

The soldiers in South Arabia number among the General Post Office's best customers. In no place does "someone, somewhere need a letter from you" more urgently than in one of the isolated Federation stations an age and a continent away from home.

The interchange of a few hand-written pages is the precious link between husbands and their families, between a soldier and the distant girl friend.

Safely pouched in the flying postman's sun-bleached satchel are heartfelt love letters, the chance of winning an E-type or a semi-detached in a newspaper competition, the answer to domestic problems, what Dad thinks of the new pub, Millwall's unbeaten run at home or Mum waxing blissfully on Janet's new baby. The Sappers faithfully speed them all to their destination and, as many soldiers have found to their disgust, the bills find their way as well!

Until 18 months ago, none of the counter facilities of an ordinary post office was open to the up-country soldier. Whether banking his savings or buying a postal order, the soldier had to wait for someone in his unit to visit the Habilayn field post office.

The customers were complaining so the Postal and Courier Communications Unit sought an answer. With mines and snipers ruling out road transport in the mountains, the Sappers cast their eyes to the heavens in despair—and saw a stream of aircraft cruising by!

Now the duty postman packs his brief case with stamps, postal orders and registered letters and disappears into the blue on the first available aircraft.

He sets up shop when and where he can—in a tent, on a rock under an azure sky, standing by the side of a dusty airstrip in sight of the Yemen.

Worth it? Yes, the Sappers will tell you—reeling off figures that add up to a £10,000 turnover to date.



Above: The flying postman goes aboard a Short-Range Transport Wing aircraft of RAF Khormaksar for the flight up to the Radfan.

Left: And in the mountains the postman sets up stall where he can—in this case the bonnet of a Land-Rover serves as a postal counter.



First in khaki

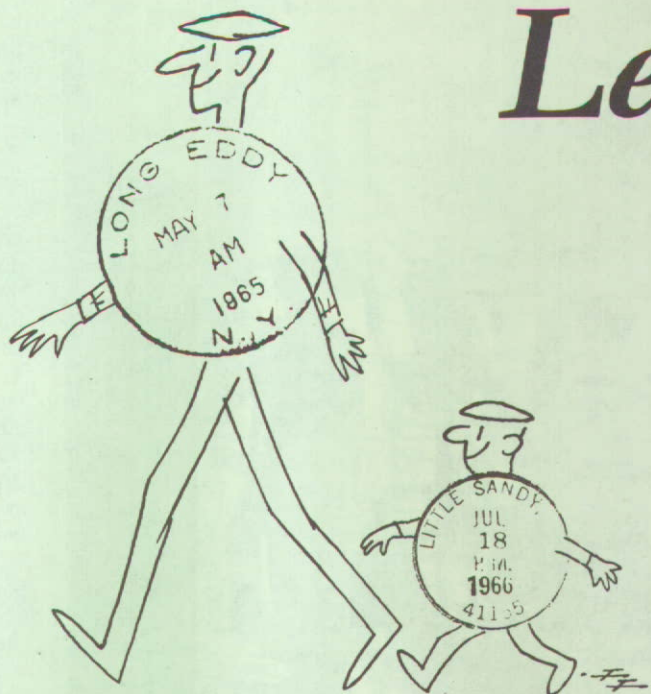
How interesting to read the various claims on the introduction and wearing of khaki (Letters, March/May). The plain fact is that neither the 61st Regiment (later to be 2nd Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment) nor the 8th King's Regiment can lay claim to this honour, which rightfully belongs to The Corps of Guides.

When Lieutenant Harry Lumsden was selected in 1846 to raise the Corps of Guides, a force meant to acquaint itself with the localities and highways and byways of the North-West Frontier, he decided to discard the conspicuous scarlet of the old-time Indian regiments and wear uniform of a colour which would blend with the ground.

Having seen the tribesmen so perfectly camouflaging themselves, Lumsden dressed his men in khaki—the first corps to be clothed in uniform of this colour. A note to this effect, on page 7 of the "History of the Corps of Guides" Volume I, reads as follows:—

"The clothing of the Guides was dyed by men regimentally employed, each soldier contributing ¼ anna per mensem from his pay. This arrangement was maintained until early in the twentieth century, for quite twenty years after the general adoption of fast dyed khaki clothing. Its abolition was agreed to with reluctance as in addition to the khaki uniform the dyes used to dye the brightly coloured pagris so popular among certain classes of Indians when wearing plain clothes. The word 'khaki' is Persian and means 'dust coloured.'"

Besides inventing khaki and being the first to wear it, the Guides were also the inventors of the Sam Browne belt. General Sir Sam Browne VC, a Guides officer, was the first to wear the belt while serving with the Regiment. The Guides also invented rifle chains, so commonly used by sentries and night guards on the North-West Frontier.—**Lieut-Col Amir Gulistan Janjua, Commandant, The Guides Cavalry FF, Pakistan Army.**



Kilted sappers

Can SOLDIER please tell me if Royal Engineers in Scotland are allowed to wear the Highland uniform, ie kilt, sporran etc?—**L/Cpl R Booth RE, 3 BAOR Map Depot, BFPO 34.**

★ 102, 146 and 432 Corps Engineer Regiments RE (TA) have pipe bands. Personnel of these bands are the only Royal Engineers allowed to wear Highland uniform.

Fit for heroes

Major Blackburn's concern about the accommodation provided for Lance-Corporal Rambahadur Limbu VC in London is understandable (Letters, October). None of us would want to do him anything but "proud." But the implication that he was uncomfortable in Regents Park Barracks is quite unfounded and does less than justice to the staff of the units in the barracks—20 Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, and the London Assembly Centre—who throughout gave all possible assistance to the VC party, regardless of inconvenience to themselves.

Indeed Lance-Corporal Rambahadur expressed his gratitude to all in the barracks who had been so helpful to him and the party with him. The barracks may be old, but I can assure Major Blackburn that the impression taken back by Lance-Corporal Rambahadur was of the warmth of his welcome there rather than the age of the barracks.

There were three good reasons why Regents Park, as opposed to other London barracks, was chosen for the party. Firstly, when Gurkhas require accommodation in London they normally go to the LAC. Secondly, the British officer concerned with the VC party's detailed plans was living in 20 Squadron Mess and, lastly, transport when required was provided by 20 Squadron.—**Lieut-Col C G Wylie, Brigade of Gurkhas Liaison Officer.**

Winged badge

The answer which you gave to Mr M L Jones (Letters, November) concerning the Guards Parachute Company is, I regret to inform you, incorrect.

The full title of the Company is No. 1 (Guards) Independent Company The Parachute Regiment. This fact clearly indicates that, although it is manned entirely by officers and men of the seven regiments of the Household Brigade, it is nevertheless an integral part of The Parachute Regiment.—**Col P D F Thursby, Regimental Colonel, The Parachute Regiment, Maida House, Aldershot, Hants.**

Letters

tistic Support Unit AMF (L) is a Royal Corps of Transport unit. It is in fact a composite unit made up from approximately equal numbers of RCT and RAOC personnel, with small numbers from other corps.

You will be aware of course that the RAOC has been responsible for the issue of all food supplies and POL products since the reorganisation which took place in June 1965.—**Major W B C Clayden, (DADOS Combat Supplies AMF (L)), 48 Supply Company RAOC, Busigny Barracks, Perham Down, Tidworth, Wilts.**

Triple MM

Major-General R E Barnsley quotes (Letters, November) the case of Mr. E Broomhall, of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and wonders how many other men can claim the proud distinction of having won the Military Medal three times.

This honour is held by a friend of mine, Mr F Kite, 312 Princes Road, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent, who gained his awards as a tank commander. The first, an immediate award, was in the Middle East and the two bars, one of which was also an immediate award, were earned in France after D-Day. Mr Kite is far too modest to enlarge on his exploits. Incidentally, he too is a native of Newcastle-under-Lyme—they must breed 'em good.—**G Beckett, 7 Leonard Drive, Brown Edge, Stoke-on-Trent.**

Cameron of the Gordons

In the story on The Gordon Highlanders ("Your Regiment," October) mention was made of Colonel John Cameron who was fatally wounded at Waterloo. Readers may be interested to know that there is a memorial to this officer, in the shape of an obelisk, at the village of Corpach, not far from Fort William and only a few miles from Fasseferm.—**R MacDonald, 74 Malefant Street, Cathays, Cardiff.**

Five bars

I think I can claim to beat Colonel Kemball's record (Letters, November) as I have the Territorial Decoration and five bars. Incidentally, my service is still unbroken as I transferred to the General List on 1 May 1966 and joined the Army Cadet Force on the same day.—**Lieut-Col S J Williams, Commandant, Middlesex ACF Training Centre, Vicarage Farm Road, Heston, Middlesex.**

Trucial Oman Scouts

When in London, Trucial Oman Scouts should visit the Glass House Stores, 55 Brewer Street, and sign the book kept there for this purpose. They may then meet friends from the Scouts who pass through London.—**Maj R C Wallace RCT, PMC Officers Mess, Trucial Oman Scouts, Sharjah, BFPO 64.**

The gallant Gordons

Your interesting story of the Gordons ("Your Regiment," October) recalls the strenuous battles near Kabul in December 1879 when the fanatical Afghans were at the height of their power but were outfought on their own terrain by the 92nd.

Led by the gallant Major White, the Gordons (and the Guides alongside) were ordered to the difficult assault on Takht-i-Shah. Lieutenant Forbes and a sergeant were the first to climb one rocky crest but were violently over-

★ Apologies to The Parachute Regiment and to the Household Brigade. In the original article, "Gurkhas Get the Red Beret" (September), SOLDIER was right. The reversed reply to Mr Jones was the result of a further inquiry to which SOLDIER was unfortunately given the wrong answer.

Guardsmen serving in the Guards Parachute Company wear the red beret and The Parachute Regiment badge but are distinguishable by the Household Brigade blue-red-blue flash backing the badge.

The only occasions on which officers and men (Foot Guards only) of the Guards Parachute Company wear their Brigade's home service clothing (bearskin and tunic) are when keeping the ground at the Queen's Birthday Parade (Trooping the Colour)—they have been called on for this duty regularly in the past—and sometimes for annual inspection by the Major-General Commanding Household Brigade.

In home service clothing the parachute wings are still worn and would normally indicate that the wearer was serving in or had served in the Guards Parachute Company although there are a few individual exceptions who have earned their wings otherwise.

Handle carefully!

SOLDIER (October), Sir, was really cute, Page 34 photo, Aden Artillery salute. A cartridge case through the air is thrown, Its identity apparently unknown. Caption: "A hot shell" in space is tossed, Alas and alack, were many Gunners lost?

—**Capt H M Sullivan, 26 Queen's Road, Shanklin, Isle of Wight.**

★ The picture was sent in by Army PR with a caption we followed—it's better by far, we find in most cases, not to alter the captions sent in from these places. In this case we rigidly stuck to the letter and made a mistake—we should have known better!



Composite unit

I would like to correct the unfortunate impression given in the article "Express Training" (November) that the Logis-

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whelmed by the enemy and this sudden setback caused hesitation among the men following. Lieutenant Dick Cunningham instantly seized the initiative, led them forward with a rush and cleared the position with the bayonet. He subsequently received the Victoria Cross for this outstanding leadership. Highlanders and Guides pushed on to their final objective with the Afghans defending for a while, but against such determined opposition they broke and fled and were joined by the garrison of Takht-i-Shah.—Lieut-Col H G E Woods (Rtd.), 2 Playfair Mansions, Queens Club Gardens, London W14.

Erratum

Whatever is the Army equivalent of a gremlin wormed its way into the Purely Personal page of the November SOLDIER to wreak havoc with the item headed "All the way from Mauritius." The five soldiers, correctly named and pictured with the Mayor of Lichfield, were in fact from British Honduras not Mauritius, and were enlisted by a company of 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, when that company was serving in British Honduras. The five men did their three months' basic infantry training at the Mercian Brigade Depot, Lichfield (not the Wessex Brigade Depot), passed out at the Depot and are now serving in 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, in Dover. The five men were in fact confused with Mauricians recruited by 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, and the errors were so obvious that they passed unnoticed by SOLDIER'S staff!

Apologies to Privates Alan Reid, Douglas Smith, Orlando Vasquez, Ivan Roberts and Louis Castillo and to all concerned.

Old Contemptibles

I was interested to read the letter from Major-General R E Barnsley (July) about a father and son who were both Old Contemptibles. This set me

wondering again who is the oldest soldier and the earliest living campaigner.

I recall reading only a very few years ago of an old soldier aged 102 years who had marched with Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar; and at a recent Victoria Cross reunion the earliest campaign ribbon seen was the Queen's Sudan worn by a 1915 VC.

Again, in a national newspaper not long ago there appeared a photograph showing a Chelsea Pensioner celebrating his 100th birthday. He had joined the Army in 1887.—B G Lane, The Shielling, Gallowlaw, Wooler, Northumberland.

I am a regular reader of SOLDIER and was interested to read of the records of the Loft and Boast families as Old Contemptibles. My twin brothers, Harry and Alf, and myself were all bandmen in 1st Battalion, The Camerons, and all of us were awarded the Military Medal and were mentioned in despatches. We also served during World War Two.—L M Ash, 34 Rose Street, Carnoustie, Angus, Scotland.

Spongers

It is a pity that many of the advertisers in your "Collectors' Corner" column turn out to be spongers. During my service overseas, which included eight years in India, I acquired quite a collection of Army cap badges, and these I still collect. However, I find in my dealings with some of these people that, once you have sent them badges with a view to exchange, they do not even have the decency to acknowledge your gift.

With some exceptions I have found the worst offenders in this respect are in Canada and Australia. Also quite a few are not genuine collectors but are dealers.—W Jones, 16 Baltimore Houses, Ossulton Street, St Pancras, London NW1.

★ Reader Jones and other sufferers—and one hopes they are few—have SOLDIER'S sympathy. Abuses of this kind are a risk inherent in running a

readers' service like Collectors' Corner. SOLDIER assumes that its reader-collectors will play the game—but cannot ensure that they do so. Nor can SOLDIER be certain that all entries are from private enthusiasts and not from dealers. Overall, readers appreciate the opportunities offered in Collectors' Corner—many have written to say so—and appreciate too the fact that it is a free service. While no responsibility can be accepted for entries in Collectors' Corner, SOLDIER is willing to take up any individual and specific complaint.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 18)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Slope of left mountain. 2 Girl's beret. 3 Shape of flag. 4 Height of church steeple. 5 Lower window of big house. 6 Girl's mouth. 7 Door of church. 8 Snow below skier's right toe. 9 Right spoke of lower ski stick. 10 Length of left ski.



SOLDIER'S code puzzles are among the most popular of the competitions. The latest challenge to decoders, using light tanks as symbols (Competition 99, August) had no immediate clues, but a thrice-used "the" made a useful starting point.

The symbols themselves gave a hint to the text of the message, which read, of course, "Next year is the golden jubilee of Cambrai, the first major battle waged by the British-invented tank."

The heading, reproduced above, was simply a heading and had no significance although a few readers thought it was an additional answer and identified the symbol as representing the letter N.

Prizewinners were: 1 P W Smith-Ainsley, Ootherington, St Martin's, Guernsey CI.

2 Miss Marion Earnshaw, Alamein TA Centre, Liverpool Road, Huyton, Lancs.

3 Sgt J Gordon RAOC, HQ Scottish Command, PO Box 85, Edinburgh 1.

4 WO II H N Davies, c/o 32 Chenies Flats, Goldington Street, London NW1.

5 Sgt C C S Hyland, 1 RUR, Kiwi Barracks, Bulford Camp, Wilts.

6 Mrs. E Haggard, 127 Vaughan Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

7 Sgt Kellady, ACIO, 48 Woodgrange Road, Forest Gate, London E7.

8 Sgt P W Cole, ACIO, 703 High Road, Finchley, London N12.

9 D F Havery, 52 Bembridge Crescent, Southsea, Hants.

10 Bdsn J T McBriarty, 35 Melrose Gardens, High Howdon, Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

11 A T D B Rennie, 15 Pl, C Coy, AAC Hadrians Camp, Carlisle.

12 Rfn Bee Jay Thapa, 1st Bn, 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles, c/o GPO Kluang, Malaysia.

13 Capt Patricia Monks QARANC, BMH Munster, BFPO 17.

14 Sgt K R Villiger, 1-PPCLI,

CFPO 5050, Canadian Army Europe.

No award was made in the foreign Serviceman or woman category.

PUZZLES IN OUTLINE

Despite the amount of information given, SOLDIER'S September competition (100) proved to be a teaser, with more than a quarter of the total entries confusing regiments and badges.

The wide interest in badges was shown by entries from Canada, Germany, Holland, South Africa, Belgium, Malta, Sweden, United States, Ghana, France, Israel, Zambia, Denmark and India.

Prizewinners were:

1 B T Pittaway, Maiwand, 26 Tennyson Road, Eastleigh, Hants.

2 Sgt A Carton RAOC, HQ British Honduras Garrison, BFPO 12.

3 Clive Martin, 20 Heriot Road, London NW4.

4 Peter Flanagan, 18 Cressingham Road, New Brighton, Wallasey, Cheshire.

5 F H Dennis, 62 Archers Court Road, Whitfield, Dover, Kent.

6 Sgt D H Collins R Sigs, 349 Butts Road, Sholing, Southampton, Hants.

Correct answers were: 1 The Royal Anglian Regiment; 2 Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps; 3 Grenadier Guards; 4 Military Provost Staff Corps; 5 The Royal Green Jackets; 6 The Royal Dragoons; 7 17th/21st Lancers; 8 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards; 9 The Royal Scots Greys; 10 The Fusilier Brigade; 11 Royal Army Dental Corps; 12 Royal Army Chaplains' Department.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

G Hammerschmidt, PO Box 3066, Tecumseh, Ontario, Canada.—Collects cap badges and shoulder flashes of Royal North-West Mounted Police, Canadian military medals of Riel Rebellion and both World Wars.

Pte G A Mackinlay, Royal Herbert Hospital, 12 Coy RAMC, Woolwich, London SE18.—Requires Medical Services insignia worldwide, exchange or purchase.

M Rees, 5 Upper Church Street, Bargoed, Glam, S Wales.—Requires information on Welsh Volunteers, Yeomanry, TA etc. Also pictorial data on entire British Army.

R J P Humphrey, 800 Eastern Avenue, Newbury Park, Ilford, Essex.—For sale set of five pre-war Foot Guards "topee" badges with leather backing, approximately 3ins. x 4ins., £3 postage paid.

W Travis, St Andrew's School, Knowle Hall, Bridgwater, Somerset.—Requires French helmet and German military armbands.

Capt W W Mahon, c/o RHQ Irish Guards, Birdcage Walk, London SW1.—Seeks information on medals issued to Irish Guards, especially World War One medals of No. 131 Lieut (QM) J Brennan. Any information welcome even if not with view to exchange or sale.

J de Groot, Arubastr: 5 Santpoort, Netherlands.—Requires worldwide air-dropped propaganda leaflets 1939 to date. Offers 1939-45 leaflets and WHW (Winterhilfswerke) pins in exchange.

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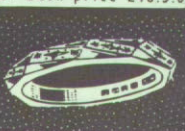
101. 1 Diamond. 1st payment 17/6 and 8 payments 17/- or Cash price £7.13.6



507. 5 Diamonds. 1st payment 105/- and 8 payments 102/6 or Cash price £46.5.0



302. 3 Diamonds. 1st payment 25/- and 8 payments 20/6 or Cash price £9.9.0



922. Gold Wedding. 1st payment 7/6. 8 payments 10/- or Cash price £4.7.6



317. 3 Diamonds. 1st payment 37/6 and 8 payments 37/6 or Cash price £16.17.6



27. Solid Gold. 1st payment 12/- and 8 payments 13/6 or Cash price £6.0.0



AS SOLID AS THE ROCK THEY WON



THE view of General Franco's Gibraltar policy from Heathfield Camp, Honiton, is unsympathetic, downright opposition. Fortunately for the future of diplomacy, Mr George Brown is unlikely to take counsel from The King's Own Royal Border Regiment, whose predecessors ousted the Spanish and claimed the Rock for Britain in 1704.

Major contributions to the Mediterranean fortress's history were part of the common ground shared by The King's Own Royal Regiment (Lancaster) and The Border Regiment when they amalgamated in 1959 after decades of good neighbourliness in North-West England.

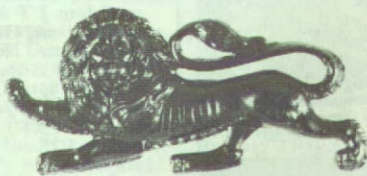
Sailing with the fleet as marines, The Queen's Own Regiment of Foot attacked Barcelona in 1704. Foiled at the gates, the admirals decided on an off-the-cuff assault on Gibraltar as a consolation prize. Since the fortifications were strong enough to repel an army twice their size, the soldiers were astonished and delighted to find themselves inside the bastions. The Rock proved more difficult to keep than win. An enraged Philip II laid siege for six months but the determination and ingenuity of his assaults were outmatched by the bravery and resource of the 4th Foot and their fellow defenders.

Again in 1727 Spain laid claim to the Rock with cannon and bullet and this time the 34th of Foot, forerunners of The Border Regiment, was on hand to safeguard Gibraltar as a cornerstone of Britain's defence for the next 239 years.

Although the 4th Foot was raised in 1680 as one of King Charles II's personal regiments, its first important act was to betray

YOUR REGIMENT: 48

THE KING'S OWN ROYAL BORDER REGIMENT



the reigning monarch four years later. Yet the true betrayer was King James himself, intent on religious persecution and the undermining of Parliament. The Colonel was implicated in a plot to depose the King and the Regiment helped to rout his army at the Battle of the Boyne.

Duly grateful, William granted the Regiment the unique privilege of wearing as its badge the lion of England. The tradition lives on in the collar badge lions of The King's Own Royal Border Regiment and is paralleled by the retention of Border Regiment tunic buttons.

The 34th of Foot, eventually the Cumberland Regiment, ultimately The Border Regiment, made its first ties with the border country when posted to Carlisle in 1703, a year after formation. Two

years later the 34th charged in the capture of Barcelona, a notoriously siege-resistant city. Retreat and defeat were the fortunes of the Dutch and British armies at Fontenoy, but the 34th fought so impressively that it was awarded a laurel wreath and became the only regiment in the British Army honoured for a lost battle.

Falkirk, where the two regiments first took aim together, was a damp squib engagement against rebel Highlanders with a full hurricane raging. They took a terrible revenge at Culloden, a battle so one-sided that the 34th lost only three dead. A report from the battlefield said of the 4th, "There was not a bayonet of this Regiment but was either bloody or bent."

Next an epic defence. The 4th and 34th were half the force holding Minorca's key fortress against an overwhelmingly strong French army in 1756. Fought to a standstill, almost over-run, failed by the Navy—Byng the admiral was tried and shot—the garrison surrendered with full honours of war. "The terms on which the fort was at last surrendered by a handful of men so distressed, so shattered and so neglected remain a lasting monument to their honour."

Active service in the West Indies, France and North America saw out the 18th Century. Prolonged foreign service at least meant a change of scenery on the weary long distance trudges which occupied so much of the soldiers' lives and in the Peninsular War demanded more of their stamina than ever before.

The 4th looked back with pride to Corunna, where the French pursuit was finally halted, and to Badajoz (stormed by night with the King's Own first up the



Left: Disciplined bayonets won the day at Culloden.

Above: Flame fire in 1944 by a King's Own soldier.

Below: Wary Border eyes watch for rooftop snipers.



scaling ladders), San Sebastian and a host of other bitter actions.

Often fighting in the same battles, the 34th campaigned with equal distinction. At Arroyo dos Molinos the 34th captured the French 34th Regiment. The drums taken on that day in 1811 are trooped before The King's Own Royal Border Regiment on St George's Day—the Regiment's official day.

In the 100 years after Waterloo, where the 4th represented the two regiments in Bonaparte's final defeat, the border soldiers fought in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, Abyssinia and Africa.

In 1881, the 34th united with the 126-year-old 55th as The Border Regiment.

Even in boniest outline the exploits of the King's Own and Border regiments in

World War One would fill this issue. Enough to say that 32 battalions were raised and there was hardly a battle where no Border blood flowed.

In the last war the story of total commitment had to be told again. One or both regiments fought in every major campaign. The 4th was air-transported to Iraq—the first British unit to fly into action. The Border Regiment's 1st Battalion flew into Sicily on the Army's first-ever gliderborne assault and earned the glider shoulder flash inherited by the new regiment.

The two country regiments joined at Barnard Castle in 1959 and fused indivisibly on an operational tour in the South Cameroons. Varied fare since has taken The King's Own Royal Border Regiment to Durham, Wuppertal, British

The gliders carrying 1st Battalion, The Border Regiment, to Sicily landed 250 of them in the sea. Commanding one of the ditched gliders was Company Sergeant-Major Peter Pope, later to be a regimental sergeant-major, whose deeds were legend by the time he was killed at Arnhem in 1944.

He ordered his 12 men to sit where they were in the water-logged glider. When at daylight a landing craft drew alongside, Sergeant-Major Pope stood to attention in four feet of water, saluted the naval officer and solemnly reported his party all present and correct.

The King's Own Royal Border Regiment has a fine tradition of rugby and soccer to live up to. Before amalgamation, both regiments were among the Army's best. The King's Own were one of the few regiments to win the Army Rugby Cup (1928–1929–1930) and the Army Association Football Cup (1933–34).

Guiana and on ceremonial duty to London.

The tragic setting of the Aberfan disaster saw the senior regiment of The Lancastrian Brigade engaged in hours of disheartening toil. The sombre mood of the 1st Battalion made the thanks of its Colonel, Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Anderson, now director of Civil Defence in Wales, all the more welcome.



Douglas Haig As I Knew Him

FOREWORD BY SIR ARTHUR BRYANT

G. S. DUNCAN

BOOKS

THE PIRATES OF TRUCIAL OMAN

H. MOYSE-BARTLETT



UNKNOWN OMAN

WENDELL PHILLIPS



Keith Douglas

Alamein to Zem Zem

LAWRENCE DURNELL

NO DONKEY

"Douglas Haig as I Knew Him" (G S Duncan)

Since Lloyd George let fly with his malice-ridden memoirs it has been fashionable to criticise Earl Haig. There was criticism before Haig's death in January 1928, but after it Lloyd George set the fashion by apportioning blame for defeats to Haig and credit for victories to Foch.

Callous, cold, obstinate, stupid. . . these are just a few of the adjectives applied to Haig. "Donkeys" there were, but was the British Commander-in-Chief one of them?

John Terraine, in "Douglas Haig: The Educated Soldier," successfully reversed the trend, producing a compelling reappraisal of Haig and the answer that he was certainly not a "donkey."

Dr Duncan's little book could be described as an addendum to Mr Terraine's work. It is largely a portrait of Haig seen through the eyes of his chaplain from 1916 to the end of the war.

At first one is inclined to underestimate the value of Dr Duncan's testimony. Almost at the outset he admits that "when I was sent to France there can have been few chaplains who, by previous ministerial training and experience, were less qualified than I was for the work which a few months later was so unexpectedly to open out before me."

One realises later he has given a lifetime's consideration to his view of Haig. His book is, in fact, published posthumously.

If other writers had not presented a view of the field-marshal which, he felt, was so distorted as to be essentially false, he would probably never have put pen to paper. The picture he gives is of a strong, thoughtful, God-fearing, kindly, resolute man of faith who never doubted the outcome of the struggle.

To Dr Duncan, Haig was a remarkable combination of Robert E Lee and Ulysses Grant. In his austerity and reserve, nobility of outlook and behaviour, rigid adherence to principle and quiet self-confidence firmly rooted in his trust in God, Haig resembled Lee.

But in the military policy he pursued with unwavering determination his prototype was Grant who saw clearly that he must attack the Confederate Army, even in strongly entrenched positions, and never allow it time to rest and recuperate.

Grant's losses were inevitably heavy and he was accused, as was Haig, of incapacity and callousness. Like Grant, Haig was deeply sensitive to the suffering and loss which his policy entailed. "But as a commander the one thought that possessed his soul was the necessity to bring the war to a victorious end."

Once mobility had been lost there was nothing

left to do but hang on and while Lloyd George cast around for quick, cheap solutions, Haig saw it was to be staying power which would bring victory. Few commanders in history have carried such weighty responsibilities as Haig and fewer still have shouldered them so well.

George Allen and Unwin, 25s

JCW

BUCCANEERS AND MOGULS

"The Pirates of Trucial Oman" (H Moyse-Bartlett)

Many a British soldier is closely familiar with the Trucial Coast and to serve with the Trucial Oman Scouts is an experience indeed.

Today the politics of the area are complicated. Oil is the key. It governs the attitude of the world towards that corner of Arabia once known as the Pirate Coast.

Whereas now the sultans and sheikhs sit back and accept their oil royalties, they were once notorious pirate chiefs, more ferocious and fanatical than their counterparts of the West Indies and the Barbary Coast. In fast sailing dhows they just about put an end to trade in the Persian Gulf.

The coastline of the pirates' homeland was deeply indented, protected on the landward side by endless, waterless desert, and from seaward by treacherous reefs. It took four naval and military expeditions to subdue piracy on the Gulf.

Strangely these expeditions have received scant attention from historians but, as Mr Moyse-Bartlett points out, they were outside the mainstream of history. At that time Europe was aflame at the hands of Napoleon, yet it is no exaggeration to say that the treaty which transformed the Pirate Coast into the Trucial Coast was as important, in its own way, as Waterloo.

This treaty was largely the work of Captain T Perronet Thompson, sailor, soldier, economist and politician. It laid the foundation for Britain's strange relationship with the modern sheikhdoms.

In telling the exciting story of the pacification of the Trucial Coast, Mr Moyse-Bartlett performs a service to history and presents a remarkable adventure against the background of empire building.

And it is a timely reminder that we have faced trouble in Arabia before.

Macdonald, 45s

JCW

EXCITING CORNER

"Unknown Oman" (Wendell Phillips)

The Arabian Peninsula is one of the most exciting corners of the world. Travellers like Bertram Thomas, St John Philby and Wilfred Thesiger have delighted us with their descriptions of their crossings of the Rub al Khali, the mysterious Empty Quarter, and sharpened our appetites for more.

Unfortunately Dr Phillips does not follow the lead of Thomas, Philby and Thesiger. He has produced a rather disjointed travelogue with snatches of history, archaeology and exploration and tells us little that is "unknown" about Oman. It is all readable but essentially lightweight.

The book is marred by the odd elementary mistake which, though it has little effect on the narrative, must place the reader on his guard when presented with other statements.

For instance, when the Trucial Oman Scouts fought their first battle in 1955—to expel the Saudis from Buraimi Oasis—the force was not a year old (SOLDIER, March 1966). Yet Dr Phillips refers to "patrols of the crack Trucial Oman Scouts" intercepting and capturing slave trains "as late as 1951-52" before—in fact, they were formed.

Longmans, 42s

JCW

NUCLEAR TACTICS

"War in the Deterrent Age" (Major-General D K Palit)

The first three-quarters of this book are taken up with a very concise and clear outline of the development of strategy and tactics. The author then describes the problems of today and makes them seem clear, though far from simple.

He is particularly interesting on NATO's tactics for nuclear war and accuses the organisation's planners of retaining their conservative attitude despite revolutionary changes.

"Although much thought has been given to the immediate conditions that nuclear explosions would create on the battlefield, the end result is still primarily a conventional solution of a nuclear problem. Only the Russians appear to have looked beyond the immediate positional confrontation of tactical forces."

It happened in JANUARY

Date

- 1 Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi
- 3 Battle of Princeton
- 5 Battle of Nancy
- 15 Irish Free State came into being
- 18 Captain Scott reached the South Pole
- 21 Taxi-cabs first officially recognised in Britain

Year

- 1887
- 1777
- 1477
- 1922
- 1912
- 1907



It is part of the author's theme that front-line confrontation will no longer be of first importance. The main military potential will be the rear area arsenal of nuclear weapons. This conception calls for tactical methods and equipment that accentuate the capacity for swift, long-range movement on the surface.

General Palit, who fought in Burma in World War Two, has been Director of Military Operations of the Indian Army and is now a divisional commander.

Macdonald, 35s

R L E

BEFORE AND AFTER SUEZ

"Objective: Egypt" (Gregory Blaxland)

One night in 1935 there was, as so often, anti-British rioting in Cairo. A sergeant and three Guardsmen of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, returning from duty at the GOC's house, found the Kasr-el-Nil bridge blocked by a dense mob, throwing stones, dismantling street lamps and shouting anti-British slogans.

With arms sloped and bayonets fixed, the guard marched straight on. The Egyptians gave them room, screams and jeers turned to cheers and when the party reached the barracks the rioters gave them a round of hand-clapping before getting back to the business of hurling stones and abuse.

This story illustrates the curious relationship that has existed between the British Army and the Egyptians.

One point which emerges from this dramatic and very readable account of the wars in which Egypt has, in one way or another, been involved is that the lowly Egyptian can fight well. He showed it under Arabi Pasha (whom the author likens, in some ways, to Colonel Nasser) against Wolsley's men, he proved it under British officers in Kitchener's day, and there are British soldiers still serving who will remember the tough stands at the police barracks in Ismailia in 1951 and at Navy House, Port Said, in 1956.

The author devotes one-third of his pages to Suez; his account of the fighting is lucid and his assessment of the outcome interesting.

He finds that the main purposes of Sir Anthony Eden's military intervention were achieved—Nasser's expansionist ambitions were thwarted, the assault on Israel forestalled with no lasting damage to Britain's oil supply and, despite internal eruptions, the Middle East has remained at peace.

Mr Blaxman reports that relations between Briton and Egyptian are better than ever before. "It is the great achievement of the British soldiers and airmen who attacked Egypt that no rancour remains against their fellow-countrymen."

He might have added that this achievement is also to the credit of the hundreds of thousands of British Servicemen who were their forerunners in Egypt.

Frederick Muller, 37s 6d

R L E

OFFICIALS, FOREWOMEN AND WORKERS

"A Short History of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps" (Colonel J M Cowper)

It started with the Women's Legion, formed in 1915 originally to provide cooks, and the going was not easy. The volunteers were expected to go out in pairs; they had to be in by 9.30 pm and silent after 10.15. They were instantly dismissed if convicted of "speaking to, walking or sitting with soldiers in barracks."

From the Women's Legion was born the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps, formed in 1917 to serve with the British Expeditionary Force on the Western Front. Ultimately the Corps absorbed the Legion at home. Its work far beyond cooking; perhaps its most glamorously employed members were those working for Intelligence and hence known as Hushwaacs.

In France, regulations were even stricter. No

woman was allowed out after roll-call at 9.15 pm in summer and 7.30 pm in winter.

Inevitably there were ugly rumours about the Corps. A commission of investigation found little evidence of immorality but a "healthy, cheerful, self-respecting body of hard-working women, conscious of their position as links in the great chain of the Nation's purpose, and zealous in its service." Shortly afterwards, Queen Mary, who had taken a great interest in the Corps, became its Commandant-in-Chief and gave it her name.

Inevitably, too, there was romance, but it was marred by a regulation which said no woman could serve in France if her husband was there. As a palliative, "honeymoon cottages" were established where, if the bridegroom could get a week's leave, couples could stay, with the bride's reversion to home establishment suitably delayed.

For administrative reasons the Corps was organised on military lines, but the last thing it wanted was to ape the military unnecessarily—and it was in fact a civilian organisation. Its officers were known as "officials," its non-commissioned officers as "forewomen" and its rank and file as "workers."

This interesting little history has been produced to mark the 50th anniversary of the formation of the WAAC. Its author, a retired officer of the Women's Royal Army Corps, writes with humour and understanding.

Corps HQ, WRAC, Block E, Duke of York's HQ, Chelsea, London SW3, 8s including postage

R L E

ONE OF "THE BOYS"

"Alamein to Zem Zem" (Keith Douglas)

His career at Oxford cut short by call-up in 1940, Keith Douglas was commissioned into the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry. When the Battle of Alamein began he was a camouflage officer at a divisional headquarters, fretting at "relative inaction." So he went absent and rejoined his Regiment.

He received a good welcome, since the Sherwood Rangers had lost many officers in the early part of the battle, and was given command of a troop of tanks. Within hours he was in action for the first time, Near Tripoli he was badly wounded, but returned to his Regiment in time to take part in, and celebrate, the end of the North African campaign.

This account of his battle experiences is an intimate and frank portrait of a tank-borne Yeomanry regiment at war. His pictures of his fellow officers, notably his commanding officer, "Piccadilly Jim," with all his faults and virtues the epitome of the cavalry officer of the time, are particularly good.

There was a division between the officers—between "the boys" (the original Yeomen) and those (many from the Royal Tank Regiment) introduced with mechanisation. Few of the latter could ride, or afford to hunt, or shared any acquaintances with "the boys"—and they were coldly received.

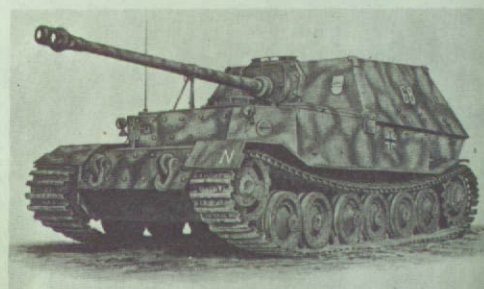
Keith Douglas landed in Normandy and was killed three days later at the age of 24.

"Alamein to Zem Zem" has been edited by John Waller, G S Fraser and J C Hall (all of whom also edited Douglas's collected poems). It has an introduction by Lawrence Durrell and is illustrated by some of Douglas's own sketches.

Faber and Faber, 30s

R L E

IN BRIEF



"Bellona Colour Prints"

Series Two of the Bellona Colour Prints comprises four paintings by George Bradford, suitable for framing and measuring 8½ins by 11ins, with brief details, of the German Jagdpanzer Tiger (P) Elephant (Ferdinand), Russian SU85 tank destroyer, American M10A1 gun motor carriage and German Jagdpanzer V Jagdpanther.

Merberlen Ltd, Badgers Mead, Hawthorn Hill, Bracknell, Berks, set of four 10s plus 9d postage, single sheet 3s plus 9d postage

"The Struggle for Peace" (Leonard Beaton)

Mr Beaton, a consultant to the Institute for Strategic Studies, wrote this short volume to accompany an ABC television series of the same name.

He outlines the state of military power across the world and the problems which face those who control, in particular those who have the paradoxical job of making weapons of war to maintain the peace.

Allen and Unwin, 21s

"The Somme" (A H Farrar-Hockley)

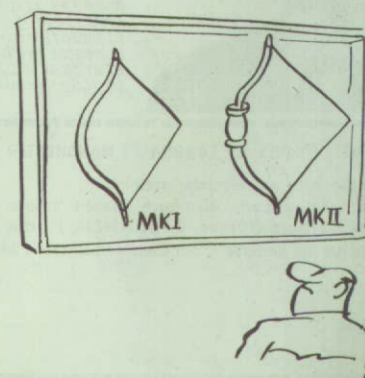
Paper-back edition of Colonel Farrar-Hockley's very readable contribution to the British Battles series. The 50th anniversary of the engagement it describes was commemorated last summer. This lasted from July to November in Allied attacks which cost Britain horrifying casualty lists for the gain of a few square miles of mud. At home the failure of the offensive brought down the Government.

Pan Books, 5s

"Caen" (Alexander McKee)

Paper-back reprint. The author, who was there, takes the story from D-Day to the Falaise Gap. His style is lively and details are filled in by narratives from more than 65 witnesses on both sides of the fighting and from the civilian population.

Pan Books, 5s





The hell of ARNHEN

MANY readers, particularly those who have bought **SOLDIER'S** Cuneo D-Day print, have asked for more colour prints of military paintings.

SOLDIER now offers a print of David Shepherd's painting of Oosterbeek crossroads, the scene of bitter fighting during the World War Two bid to seize and hold Arnhem Bridge.

The painting, reproduced above, was commissioned by former officers of 4th Parachute Brigade which dropped some eight miles west of the bridge. The Brigade was ringed for seven days in what the Germans named "The Cauldron."

Beyond the wrecked jeep in the picture the road leads ahead to Arnhem, only three miles distant. The lateral road was the eastern edge of the perimeter and the crossroads became the key to the whole divisional defence.

David Shepherd sketched on the spot, the action was described to him by former officers of 4th Parachute Brigade, and he talked to the Dutch villagers who told him how the village, now much changed, looked at the time.

Although the road was the perimeter, the two hotels on the far side of it were used by the Airborne medical teams to hold some 600 of the many wounded. Casualties were in fact evacuated forward and not back and when ever they were brought up, as on the stretcher-carrying jeep in the centre of the painting, the Germans immediately ceased firing.

The behaviour of the German troops in this respect was good throughout the battle and afterwards.

Painted into this scene is a now well-known incident at Oosterbeek. The German half-track on the right came forward

under a white flag and a German officer asked to see the British commander, Brigadier (now General Sir John) Hackett.

The German officer told Brigadier Hackett, who speaks fluent German, that he was about to put in an attack and would have to use mortars but did not wish to injure the wounded. He asked that the Brigadier would accordingly withdraw his men 200 yards.

Brigadier Hackett knew that if he did so he would be withdrawing almost to divisional headquarters and he told the German that he could not agree to the demand.

The Germans then put in their attack with tremendous mortar support—mortar bursts are depicted in the painting—but avoided hitting the two hospitals. The attack failed.

Fighting with 4th Parachute Brigade for seven days in this sector of the cauldron's perimeter were men of the Recce Squadron 21 Independent Company, Polish Parachute Brigade and glider pilots. The Brigade (which included 10th, 11th and 156th parachute battalions) dropped with 200 men on the second day of the battle.

Only 30 or 40 got back across the river at the end. All the wounded were left behind, with whom all the Royal Army Medical Corps men and the padres volunteered to stay and with the remainder of the Brigade became prisoners.

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Put two and two together

XI

49th

7

4

21

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52

101

212

999

707

366

762

20,000

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30-40

6 and 26

1001

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SOLDIER's November competition presented 25 different numbers and asked for a relation of ideas. For example, the number 3 may suggest the three witches from "Macbeth," Goldilocks and the three bears, the Three Wise Men, Three Musketeers, Three Kings of Orient, three brass monkeys, Old King Cole's fiddlers three, "Baa Baa Black Sheep's" three bags full or just "Three Blind Mice."

Here is another set of numbers. There are only 20 this time but some of them may prove more difficult to associate than those in the previous competition.

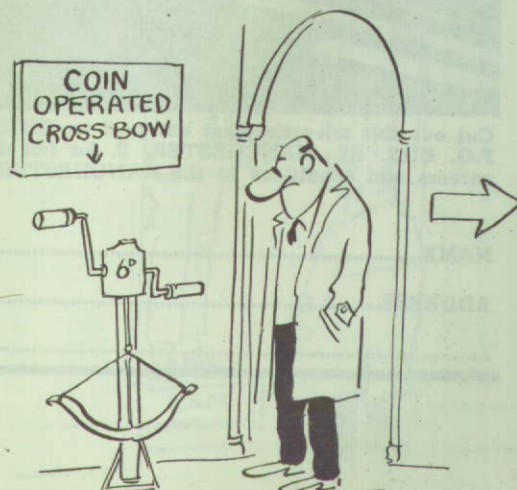
Although in some cases there are obviously several associations, as with number 7, only one answer is required. And if you cannot find an association for all 20 numbers, send your entry in just the same.

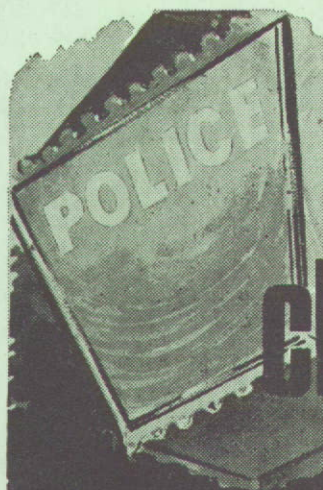
Send your list on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 104" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 104), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 13 March 1967. The answers and winners' names will appear in the May 1967 SOLDIER.

More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 104" label. Winners will be drawn by lots from correct entries.



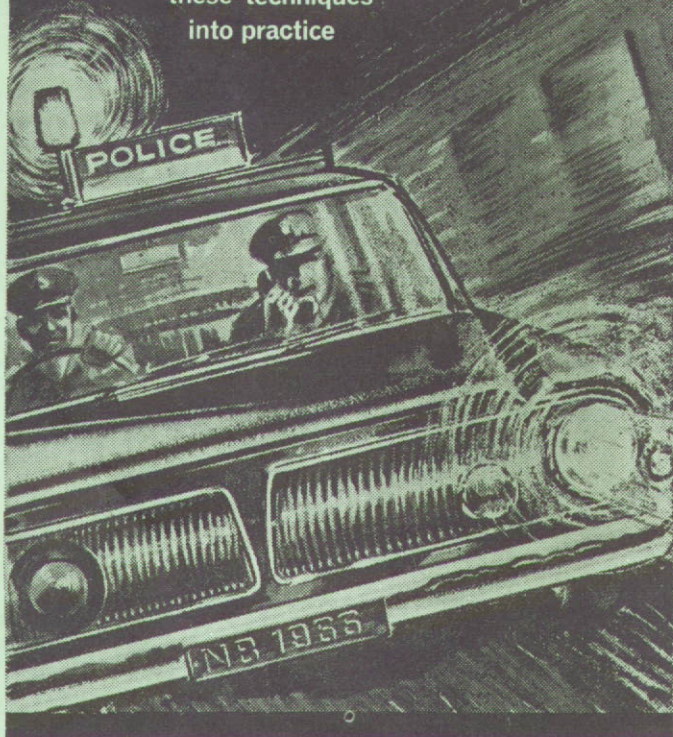


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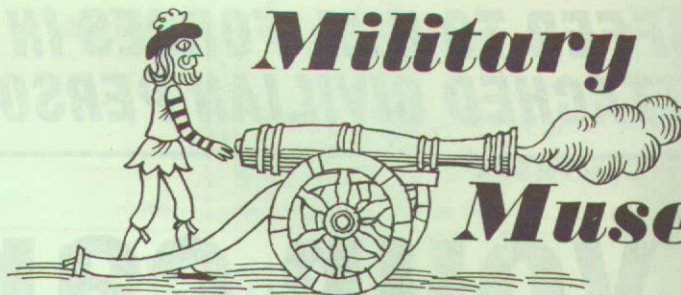
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Military Museums



On their annual wayzgoose a party of Yorkshire journalists once visited a small fishing port. It rained heavily and incessantly. It was a Sunday and everything was closed except for the local museum.

No one in that party is likely to visit that particular museum again—they exhausted its every interest.

But there are many SOLDIER readers who would be happy to while away time in a military museum and who would gladly make a special journey to see a particular collection.

While the Imperial War Museum, National Army Museum and Tank Museum at Bovington attract countless visitors, there is a wealth of colour and personal interest to be found in the

smaller and less well-known regimental museums of the British Army.

To give readers a port of call, particularly perhaps during holidays, SOLDIER publishes this first list of military museums, their addresses, opening times and curators' names. More will be listed in next month's issue, amendments will be published and from time to time the list will be reprinted.

The regiments, their museums and the curators will be happy to make their collections more widely known and visited.

In the following list the museums are grouped geographically. Museums in Scotland and Northern Ireland will be included in next month's list.

LONDON

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Address: Lambeth Road SE1.

Open: Monday to Saturday 1000 to 1800; Sunday 1400 to 1800.

Curator: Dr Noble Frankland.

Films from the Museum's collection are shown in the cinema Monday to Friday 1200; Saturday and Sunday 1445. Admission free.

MUSEUM OF ARTILLERY (THE ROTUNDA)

Address: Woolwich SE18.

Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1245, 1400 to 1600; Saturday 1000 to 1200, 1400 to 1600; Sunday 1400 to 1600 (all days extended to 1700 April to September).

Curator: Mr John Dalkin.

ROYAL FUSILIERS MUSEUM

Address: HM Tower of London EC3.

Open: Monday to Saturday 1000 to 1630; Sunday (summer only) 1400 to 1700.

Curator: Colonel C A L Shipley.

BRIGADE OF GUARDS

The five regiments of Foot Guards do not have a museum at present but hope to establish a Brigade of Guards museum in the near future.

BERKSHIRE

HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY MUSEUM

Address: Combermere Barracks, Windsor

Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1300, 1400 to 1700; Sunday 1100 to 1300, 1400 to 1700.

Curator: Major A J Dickinson.

THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT MUSEUM

Address: Brock Barracks, Oxford Road, Reading.

Open: Monday to Friday, only by appointment with Regimental Headquarters.

Curator: The RO II, RHQ The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire), Brock Barracks, Oxford Road, Reading.

THE REME MUSEUM

Address: Moat House, Arborfield, Reading.

Open: Monday to Friday 0830 to 1230, 1400 to 1700.

Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel W E Johnston.

CHESHIRE

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT

Address: The Castle, Chester.

Open: Tuesday to Saturday and Sunday, 1030 to 1230, 1400 to 1600 (all extended to 1800 in summer).

Curator: Brigadier B L Rigby.

DEVON

THE DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT MUSEUM

Address: Wyvern Barracks, Exeter.

Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1700 (at other times by special arrangement).

Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel G N B Spencer.

DURHAM

THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY MUSEUM

Closed—collection, at present in store, has

been loaned to Durham County Council and will eventually form part of a new folk museum at present being built and likely to open in late 1967.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

MUSEUM OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT

Address: 103 Westgate Street, Gloucester.

Open: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday 0900 to 1230, 1330 to 1715; Thursday 0900 to 1245.

Curators: Brigadier T N Grazebrook and Mr J N Taylor.

11TH HUSSARS

Museum not yet open.

HAMPSHIRE

AIRBORNE FORCES MUSEUM

Address: Maida Barracks, Aldershot.

Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1630 (other days and times by application to Curator).

Curator: Colonel E S Lough.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, ROYAL CORPS OF TRANSPORT

Address: Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Crookham.

Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1215, 1415 to 1630 (excluding public holidays). Advance warning preferred for parties of more than ten.

Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel R W Armstrong.

THE ROYAL GREEN JACKET MUSEUM

Address: Peninsula Barracks, Winchester.

Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1230, 1330 to 1600.

Curator: Major C J Wilson.

(Incorporates museums of the 43rd and 52nd, The King's Royal Rifle Corps and The Rifle Brigade).

RAMC HISTORICAL MUSEUM

Address: Keogh Barracks, Ash Vale, Aldershot.

Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1700; weekends by appointment.

Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel J T Moore.

THE ROYAL HAMPSHIRE REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

Address: Searle's House, Southgate Street, Winchester.

Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1230, 1400 to 1600 (except public holidays).

Curator: Colonel J M Clift.

10TH ROYAL HUSSARS

Hoping to open a museum in 1967 or 1968.

KENT

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS (1ST DRAGOONS)

Final location of museum not yet known.

MUSEUM OF THE CORPS OF ROYAL ENGINEERS

Address: Brompton Barracks, Chatham.

Open: Monday to Friday 0930 to 1230, 1330 to 1630. (Likely to be closed until approximately April 1967 because of works services).

Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel H S Francis.

THE BUFFS MUSEUM

Address: Stour Street, Canterbury.

Open: Monday to Saturday (April to October)

1000 to 1300, 1400 to 1800; Monday to Saturday (November to March) 1400 to 1600.

Curator: Mr F V Lyall.

THE QUEEN'S REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

Address: Howe Barracks, Canterbury.

Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1200, 1400 to 1600; otherwise by appointment.

Curator: Mr G V Randall.

THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT MUSEUM

Address: The Maidstone Museum and Art Gallery, St Faith's Street, Maidstone.

Open: Monday to Saturday, 1000 to 1200, 1400 to 1700.

Curator: Mr E K Collins.

LANCASHIRE

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, XX THE

LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS

Address: Wellington Barracks, Bury.

Open: Monday to Friday 0915 to 1700; Saturday (except November to March) 0915 to 1200.

Curator: Major T P Shaw.

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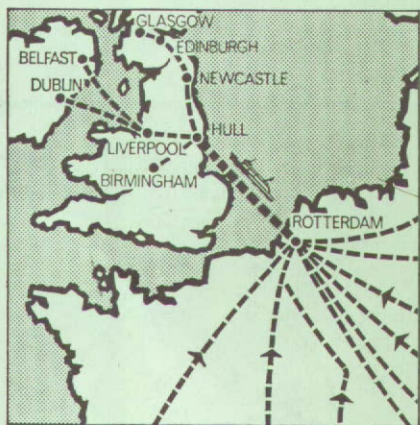
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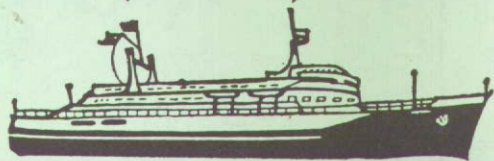
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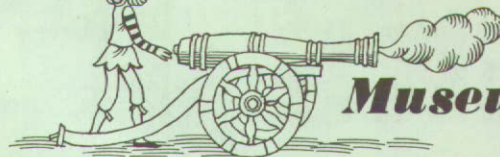
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Name

Address

SX 2

North Sea Ferries, Post Box 1476, Rotterdam, Holland.



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REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE SOUTH LANCASHIRE REGIMENT (PWV)

Address: Peninsula Barracks, Warrington.
Open: Monday to Friday 0930 to 1230, 1400 to 1630; weekends by appointment.
Curator: Major P J Ryan.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT

Address: Fulwood Barracks, Preston.
Open: Monday to Friday 0930 to 1230, 1400 to 1630; weekends by appointment.
Curator: Major D Derham-Reid.

THE KING'S OWN REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

Address: The Lancaster City Museum, The Old Town Hall, Market Square, Lancaster.
Open: Monday to Saturday 1000 to 1730; (except public holidays).
Curator: Mrs E Tyson.

THE KING'S REGIMENT (LIVERPOOL) MUSEUM

Address: City of Liverpool Museum, William Brown Street, Liverpool 3.
Open: Monday to Saturday 1000 to 1700; Sunday 1400 to 1700.
Director: Mr T A Hume.

The Regimental collection is on permanent loan to the City of Liverpool Museum.

THE REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE LOYAL REGIMENT (NORTH LANCASHIRE)

Address: Fulwood Barracks, Preston.
Open: Monday to Friday 0930 to 1230, 1400 to 1630; Saturday by appointment.
Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel J Jeffrey.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, 14TH/20TH KING'S HUSSARS

Starting to build up a museum in conjunction with The Manchester Regiment in Manchester.

LEICESTERSHIRE

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, 9TH/12TH ROYAL LANCERS

It is hoped that a museum will eventually be set up in Leicester.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

ROYAL PIONEER CORPS MUSEUM

Address: Simpson Barracks, Wootton, Northampton.
Open: Not yet known.
Curator: Major C M Cusack.
This museum is in formative stages.

NORTHUMBERLAND

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS

Address: The Barracks, Berwick-upon-Tweed.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1200, 1300 to 1630; Saturday 0900 to 1200; other times on application to Curator.

Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel P St C Harrison.

ROYAL NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

Address: The Armoury, Fenham Barracks, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2.
Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1600; or by appointment.

Curator: Officer-in-Charge, Regimental Headquarters, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

SHROPSHIRE

THE KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY AND THE HEREFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY MUSEUM

Address: Sir John Moore Barracks, Copthorne, Shrewsbury.
Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1200, 1500 to 1600.
Curator: Colonel R Attoe.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, 1ST THE QUEEN'S DRAGOON GUARDS

Address: Clive House, Shrewsbury.
Now being established, to be opened some-time in 1967.

SOMERSET

THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY

MUSEUM

Address: 14 Mount Street, Taunton.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1200, 1400 to 1700; Saturday 0900 to 1200.
Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel A C M Urwick.

STAFFORDSHIRE

THE STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

Address: Whittington Barracks, Lichfield.
Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1630; weekends and bank holidays by arrangement with Curator.
Curator: Colonel H C B Cook.

SURREY

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Address: Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, Camberley.
Open: Monday to Saturday 1000 to 1700; Sunday 1100 to 1700. Admission free.
Acting Director: Mr W Y Carman.

RAOC MUSEUM

Address: RAOC Training Centre, Deepcut, Camberley.
Open: Monday to Friday 0930 to 1230, 1400 to 1630 (public holidays excepted).
Curator: Brigadier R J Volkens.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE QUEEN'S ROYAL SURREY REGIMENT

Address: Surbiton Road, Kingston-upon-Thames.
Open: Monday to Friday (except public holidays) 0930 to 1230, 1330 to 1600; Sunday 1000 to 1200 (by arrangement).
Curator: Captain R J Berrow.



SUSSEX

THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT MUSEUM

Address: Chichester City Museum, 29 Little London, Chichester.
Open: Monday to Saturday (April to September) 1000 to 1800; Tuesday to Saturday (October to March) 1000 to 1700.
Curator: Major J F Ainsworth.

WARWICKSHIRE

THE ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

Address: Regimental Headquarters, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers, St John's House, Warwick.
Open: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday 1000 to 1230, 1400 to 1630; Saturday 1430 to 1700; Sunday (May to September) 1430 to 1700.
Curator: Major L F Fitzgerald.

THE REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS

Address: The Lord Leycester Hospital, High Street, Warwick.
Open: Monday to Saturday, 1000 to 1800.
Curator: Major J S Sutherland.

WORCESTERSHIRE

THE WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT MUSEUM

Address: Norton Barracks, Worcester.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1230, 1400 to 1600.
Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel J D Ricketts.

YORKSHIRE

THE GREEN HOWARDS MUSEUM

Address: Gallowgate, Richmond.
Open: Monday to Saturday (15 April to 1 November) 1000 to 1700; Sunday (15 April to 1 November) 1400 to 1630.
Curator: Colonel J M Forbes.

13TH/18TH ROYAL HUSSARS

Museum not yet started—decision shortly.

KOYL MUSEUM

Address: Regimental Headquarters, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Wakefield Road, Pontefract.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1700.
Curator: Colonel N S Pope.

THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT (14TH FOOT) AND PWO MUSEUM

Address: Imphal Barracks, York.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1230, 1330 to 1630 (except public holidays).
Curator: Major H A V Spencer.

THE EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT (15TH FOOT) MUSEUM

Address: 11 Butcher Row, Beverley.
Open: Wednesday, Thursday and Friday 1400 to 1600 (except public holidays).
Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel FR Yorke (Retd).

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE YORK AND LANCASTER REGIMENT

Address: Endcliffe Hall, Endcliffe Vale Road, Sheffield 10.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1630; Saturday and Sunday by appointment only.
Curator: Major J H Mott.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT MUSEUM

Address: Bankfield Museum, Boothtown Road, Halifax.
Open: Monday to Saturday (April to September) 1100 to 1900; Monday to Saturday (October to March) 1100 to 1700; Sunday 1430 to 1700.
Curator: Mr R A Innes.

4TH/7TH ROYAL DRAGOON GUARDS MUSEUM

Address: Bankfield Museum, Boothtown Road, Halifax.
Open: Monday to Saturday (April to September) 1100 to 1900; Monday to Saturday (October to March) 1100 to 1700; Sunday 1430 to 1700.
Curator: Mr R A Innes.

To be officially opened on 13 May 1967.

WALES

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM, THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS

Address: The Barracks, Brecon.
Open: Sunday to Saturday, 0900 to 1700 (including public holidays).
Curator: Lieutenant-Colonel I Jarman.

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM THE WELCH REGIMENT

Address: The Barracks, Whitchurch Road, Cardiff.
Open: Monday to Friday 1000 to 1200, 1400 to 1600.
Curator: Major E D Lloyd-Thomas.

THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

Address: The Queen's Tower, Caernarvon Castle, Caernarvon.
Open: Monday to Saturday (summer) 0930 to 1930; Sunday (summer) 1200 to 1930; Monday to Saturday (winter) 0930 to 1630; Sunday (winter) 1200 to 1630. (Corresponding to Castle opening times).
Curator: Major E L Kirby.

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It's an old custom

It's an old American Army custom—the pinning on of new rank badges. Because **Captain Bob Gordon's** promotion to major came through while he is serving in the Royal Army Pay Corps Centre at Worthy Down, his British commanding officer, **Colonel William Taylor**, and Major Gordon's wife, **Anne**, joined in carrying out the ceremony. Major Gordon—his great-great-grandfather was a Scot—was born in Kansas City and commissioned in August 1957 into the United States Army Finance Corps.



Mind my bike?

By the kind of accident members of the Royal Signals motorcycle display team dream of, **Corporal Peter Chandler** ran into a blonde. It happened at the Cycle and Motorcycle Show, Earls Court, where Corporal Chandler was on the Army stand and the long-legged model was demonstrating a mini-bike.



A medal for Ken

When the outgoing GOC-in-C Southern Command, **Lieutenant-General Sir Kenneth Darling**, paid his farewell visit to Tidworth, one of his duties was to present the British Empire Medal to **Mr Kenneth J Pickernell**, entertainments manager of Tidworth Garrison. The citation records that Ken Pickernell, with great initiative and ability, has devoted the whole of his working life, less his war service, to the Garrison. His late father, **Mr Bert Pickernell**, went from the Empire Theatre, Swindon, to the Tidworth Garrison Theatre when it opened in 1909. Ken started as stage manager 26 years ago and took over the theatre's management from his father in 1946. Ken's 21-year-old son, **Tony**, has also joined the world of entertainment—he is a member of the Ada Unsworth Slough formation dancing team.

Things aint...

"It was never like this in our day," says **Sergeant-Major "Tug" Wilson**. And certainly when the 77-year-old Chelsea Pensioner soldiered there were no soldiers like **Suzan Parry** (left) and **Jackie Moncrieff**, both of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, much less a welcome of this kind when the Sergeant-Major arrived in Cyprus for a fortnight's visit to the island.



MOUNTAIN HIGH

TWENTY thousand feet up in the Andes, Corporal Roy Smith tensed against the freezing rope and listened to the metronome ringing of his climbing partner's ice-axe. A break in the rhythm could mean a slip and a fantastic jerk on the rope that would send the two men tumbling down through 5000 feet of space like the showers of ice chips.

Corporal Smith, ace Army mountaineer of 1 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, and David Bathgate, an Edinburgh snow and ice expert, were engaged on the most dangerous climbing of their lives in the British Andean Expedition's assault on the 20,100-foot summit of Alpamayo.

Bathgate, cutting steps in the treacherously brittle ice on the final steep pitch, was out of sight and Smith waited anxiously for him to reappear. Minutes later came an exultant yell, "We're there. We've made it!" Smith felt for the last few boot and handholds to join Bathgate on the summit of what is said to be the world's most beautiful mountain.

A solid year of planning lay behind as the five-man team flew out to Lima, capital of Peru, via New York, Miami and Quito. Ned Kelly, a television producer-director, travelled with them for five months to make a documentary film of the expedition.

Corporal Smith was given paid leave from his public relations and climbing instructor jobs with 1 Training Regiment. Like the other expedition members he put in a contribution of £100 to the total cost of £3,500.

Gifts of food and equipment and grants from the Mount Everest Foundation, a daily newspaper and a television company, balanced the books.

The hard labour started when a lorry carrying the climbers' one-and-a-half tons of kit and rations halted at an avalanche-wrecked bridge over the Rio Santa River. For two days they sweated on the pulley ropes of a precarious basket cable car to make the portage.

A hired mule train took over the burdens for the four-day trek up into the Peruvian Andes. As the country became higher and drier, the pace slowed in spite of everything the picturesque Indian muleteers could do by way of encouragement. Camp sites were chosen wherever water could be found and it was often late night before the last exhausted mule tottered in.

The climbers made a base camp at 15,000 feet, below the Alpamayo ice fall, and began the search for a route to the mountain's north-west face.

Smith and Bathgate eventually found a line through the jumbled ice and the rest of the expedition joined them in cutting steps and fixing ropes. Some sections remained unalterably dangerous in spite of their efforts—making for hazardous carries with tents, fuel, food, ice pitons and thousands of feet of rope.

From a new camp at 18,000 feet on the North Col, the climbers worked the ridge above them for ten days. In case of bad weather, the fixed ropes were their safety to the relative shelter of the tent.

There were days when freezing winds and clouds kept them huddled in the tents talking over their chances and melting

blocks of snow for a warming brew. The slope of the ridge showed no signs of easing from a difficult 70 to 80 degrees.

It was disappointing, but there was no alternative to endless hacking and cutting until at last the summit came into view overhead.

The whole expedition concentrated on Col Camp and Smith and Bathgate roped up at dawn for the final assault. The back-up party was toiling up the ridge, but the lead pair could expect no support on the virgin ice above them.

The climb reached a climax on the vertical triangle of fluted blue ice barring the path to the peak. As they cut steps in the last 200 feet, the brittle ice would sometimes break away to reveal the north-west ridge 5,000 feet below.

The summit was a perfect point, so small that only one of the pair could stand on it at a time. Summit photographs taken, they hurriedly roped down to relieve the suspense for the others. This was great news and it brought Corporal Smith and David Bathgate a sense of achievement fully shared by the rest of the expedition after another successful ascent two days later.

Left: Corporal Roy Smith climbing on a fixed rope at 19,000 feet on Alpamayo's north ridge. It took ten days to open a route upwards to the summit.

Right: Jagged ice-bound peaks dwarf Col Camp. Two tubular igloo tents housed the climbers while they hacked ice-steps to the ridge-top.

Below: A bearded Smith reads his mail three-and-a-half miles up. Spruce again (below right); he describes the climb to the Engineer-in-Chief.



BACK COVER STORY

Hostile background of spiky rock and ice fingers for Corporal Roy Smith as he pauses on Alpamayo's north ridge. The 26-year-old Sapper mountaineer was selected for the five-month expedition to the Peruvian Andes on the strength of his climbing performances

over the past ten years. He has climbed in Africa, led an expedition to Iceland and tackled some of the worst climbs in the Alps over the past five seasons. He leaves the Army next year to instruct Rocky Mountain climbers in Colorado, USA.

SOLDIER

